

the

LINK

September 1965

WHAT ABOUT CAMPUS MORALS?

THE CHAPLAIN IS READY TO HELP

IDLE TALK

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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- Front: "He who, from zone to zone, / Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, / In the long way that I must tread alone, / Will lead my steps aright."—Photo by Tom Tucker.
- Back: Beauty in meditation. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
- Inside Front: "I'll fish a spell." Trout fishing in Raritan River, N.J. Photo by Eastern Photo Service.
- Inside Back: Birches in the mountains of northern New Hampshire. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Jim Talone. Spots by Volk.

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SOUND OFF

Wants to Continue to get THE LINK

This is to advise that my address will be changed in the very near future. I would like THE LINK to be discontinued temporarily until I know my new address in the U.S. I will notify you. I have enjoyed every issue of THE LINK and look forward to receiving each copy. Keep up the good work.

—Howard Grant, Care Kuwait Oil Co., Ahmadi, Kuwait, Arabian Gulf

Delighted with Ping Story

I was delighted to see the February 1965 issue of THE LINK and the prominence given to the Ping story and Dale Whitney's photographs. . . . I am grateful that you have brought this particular refugee story to the attention of your large circle of readers, both in the armed forces and elsewhere, and would like to assure you that the interest of your staff is greatly appreciated. On some future occasion I would appreciate it if you would call attention to our new long-playing record "International Piano Festival," the sale of which helps our refugees.

—Stanley Wright, Chief, Publication Information, Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees, United Nations, Geneva, Switzerland.

(Information will be given in THE LINK as soon as available.)

Send a Copy Home

In order to keep me out of the dog house at home because I can't seem to

(Continued on page 65)

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Be Strong, Soldier!

By Abby

We thought this "Dear Abby" Column so good we asked the writer if we could reprint it and she has given permission.—Editor

DEAR ABBY: I just received a letter from my husband in Korea and would like you to know how something you wrote in your column over a year ago has helped to keep our marriage a true one. I can best show you by quoting a portion of my husband's letter:

"Do you remember the clipping you sent me from Dear Abby's column when I first got over here? The one about the soldier in Korea who wanted to know what to do about his 'physical needs' while he was overseas? Well, I still carry it and I've read it so many times it is worn to shreds. It has helped to keep me strong, Honey. It's too bad the Army doesn't issue a copy to every man overseas. They could sure save a lot of money on curing VD and keep a lot of homes from breaking up."

Would you please print it again, Abby? I want to be sure the one my husband has now doesn't get too worn to read. Thank you.

A GRATEFUL READER

DEAR READER: With pleasure. Here it is:

DEAR ABBY: My problem is one that bothers thousands of other G.I.'s so I hope you will print your answer because it is needed badly. I am a happily married man with a wonderful wife and two small children back in the States. I've been in Korea for four months. After living a normal married life for three years, what is a young, healthy man supposed to do for his physical needs? There are 12 women for every G.I. over here, and women practically throw themselves at our feet. Don't get me wrong, Abby. I love my wife and

always will, but I have a long hitch over here and I am only human. This letter is sincere, and I am not ashamed to sign my name, but if you use it, please sign me,

“JERSEY”

DEAR JERSEY: Assume for a moment that I received the following letter: DEAR ABBY: I am a happy married woman with a wonderful husband and two small children. My husband has been in Korea for four months. After living a normal married life for three years, what is a young, healthy woman supposed to do for her physical needs? There are plenty of men around, and when they learn that my husband is in Korea they practically throw themselves at my feet. Don't get me wrong, Abby. I love my husband and always will but he's going to be gone a long time and I am only human.

(signed) JERSEY'S WIFE

Well, Jersey, I would tell that woman to keep as busy as possible with her duties and as many wholesome activities as her time and energy permit. I'd suggest reading, exhausting physical exercise, and yes, even prayer! I'd tell her to stay sober and to avoid temptation, and to write to you every day! And that, Jersey, is my answer to you, and to all your buddies in the same lonesome boat.

Sing of This Land of Liberty

Sing of this land of liberty,
Where each may prove his worth.
Some are adopted into it.
Most gain it by their birth.

Speak of this noble partnership,
Built for the common good;
Designed to be invincible,
As equal brotherhood.

Destroy the wrong, build up the right,
With faith as staff and rod.
Perfect this home of liberty—
“One nation under God.”

Guard well this heritage today,
Proclaim it far and wide;
Hold high the torch of these ideals,
With courage, faith and pride.
—James Montgomery Hester

What About Campus Morals?

By Robert H. Hamill

Everywhere people are beginning to wonder and worry

MORALITY on the modern campus may be no worse than in times past, but it is certainly different. The most blatant moral issues are cheating and sex, but the moral situation includes also drinking, disregard for property, occasional violence, drugs, and theft.

The Many Causes of Cheating

Studies suggest that 40 to 80 percent of students cheat more or less. They cheat to outwit the professor, for one thing, to "beat the system" which puts too high a premium on grades. To them education is routine, impersonal, even nonintellectual—a necessity but no longer a joy or excitement. Cheating seems the only way to make a game out of it. Students cheat also to satisfy—at least to pacify—their overly ambitious parents who expect more than the students can produce. Cheating

occurs therefore at all levels, even among superior students who feel the pressure most intensely. Also students are preparing themselves for a society which looks delinquent and corrupt. When they see public officials grafting from public funds, citizens cheating on income taxes, loose law enforcement, violence, calloused insensitivity to people in trouble, students conclude they must train themselves for sophisticated skulduggery in the future, and the campus seems a good place to practice!

At a deeper level the cause of cheating is found in the nature of the moral revolution itself. This revolution recognizes that moral codes differ from place to place, and from time to time in any one place. In this sense morals are relative, not universal or eternal. This makes it hard to define the content of moral-

ity. For instance, students were donating blood to a Blood Drive recently, but those under twenty-one were required to present a parent's written permission. Many students forged the signature, and gave blood. Donating blood is good, forging signatures is bad. Was their blood donation then a good or bad thing? It depends on many factors, we say; morals are relative.

A second mark of the revolution is called existentialism. Existentialism sees problems from the viewpoint of the individual. It holds that every person is free and responsible, and the aim in life is to respond with integrity, to become an authentic person. He makes decisions from what "wells up within" him. Strange as it may sound, existentialism is amazingly optimistic about human nature because it assumes a person can make good decisions without checking against outside norms. He can set aside the accumulated experience of mankind and decide from within the depths of his own experience.

Still a third factor in the moral revolution comes from the current fashion in theology which emphasizes the imperfections in human nature, the weakness and sinful bent in every man. Such theology therefore does not make great expectations on people, nor has it any high hopes for a man's improvement. Ah, it does indeed maintain that any man can become a new man in Christ, and become more than conqueror, but it often forgets to say this because it is preoccupied with human frailty.

The One Way to Overcome

Add up relativity, existentialism, and fashionable theology, and you get the ingredients of the moral revolution. Many students, as a result, come out with a self-centered morality which turns on "my desires, my pleasure, my happiness." Thus when they ask, Shall we cheat on this exam? they answer either yes, because we need a better grade than we can earn, or no, because we might get caught and be embarrassed or expelled. In both cases, they appeal to self-interest; the case *for* cheating and the case *against* it both rest on self-interest. It never occurs to them to ask whether there is a principle that governs regardless of its consequences. They hear it said, "Honesty pays . . . Honesty is the best policy." They reply by saying, "Dishonesty pays. . . Dishonesty is the best policy." They seem unable to take seriously the thought that honesty is valid whether it pays or not! "The modern tragedy is that for many persons there is no compelling reason for being honest." (Louise Stoltenberg, "The Disappearing Case for Honesty," in *motive*, January 1961; p. 11. This article has been very suggestive to me on this whole issue.)

I see no escape from this, finally except through religious faith. The Christian believes in God, God the living source of all good, God who creates and sustains all creation, God who loves, judges, forgives and rescues his people. This God calls on men to love him with all their being, and when they do this he

makes them ready and able to love their fellowmen with real care and to love themselves wisely. This is the only reason for being honest: we belong to God, and the purpose of life is to respond to him responsibly. Cheating of any kind means I am a fake person. I am lying not to the professor (although that must not be discounted) but lying to myself. My act shows up in the mirror before it shows up in the exam. Honesty is not a trait I can put on like armor for the academic battle (for it is a hindrance, not a defense!) but honesty is the quality of person, the nature of my manhood as a man before God. So Joseph (see Genesis 39:1-10) considered himself: he stood before God, responsible.

For students who face the cheating issue, the most viable answer is to become a genuine Christian: a sound, solid person who exposes himself continuously to the expectations and the help of the living God. If a student can respond to him as an authentic person of integrity, he will see cheating as a defiance of his whole nature and therefore he will resist it, and when he fumbles and fails he will turn again to God who makes him a new man in Christ and sends him forth to the world again more than conqueror.

The Sexual Pressures

Turn now to the second major issue of campus morality, the sexual revolution, which means there is more sex on campus, more sex per person, more talk about it and more display of it, and more pressure for

more sexual freedom, than ever before. It means also that all this is taken for granted; students feel no need to justify it. This outburst of sex-anxious living is due considerably to indulgent parents, confused clergy, permissive counselors, and to the availability of contraceptives.

Students live under the intense pressures of our sex-saturated society. Patterns of early dating—formal dances at ten, steady dates at thirteen, driving your own car at sixteen—such patterns mean that students arrive at college already jaded and soured on petting and lesser forms of sex interest, so it takes more intoxicating experiences to give any thrill. Clothing styles, the Madison Avenue exploitation of sex, the movies and literature add up to intense erotic stimulation. Also there are more opportunities. Cars, motels, oral contraceptives and parental privileges all make it more inviting and easier for people to get what they want, and to get away with it.

At the same time our society denies young people their natural fulfillment. Laws and taboos, the demands of longer schooling and jobs and military service all require of young people an unnatural restraint. One way out is marriage, and happily this is now widely accepted on the American campus. Otherwise the consequences are mostly damaging, for some students break the sexual code and feel guilty but have not the religious maturity to handle that guilt. Others restrain their emotional responses so as not to transgress "the fatal line,"

but who knows what effect this will have upon their ability, later on in marriage, to respond heartily to real love? No wonder we have the "sex-plosion"—the psychological powder keg which burns with a short fuse and lands many students on the psychiatrist's couch.

Still another cause of the sex revolution is that students consider sex the cure for loneliness. At the Harvard Co-op you can buy a little wall sign, "It's the two of us against the world—and the world is winning." Sex becomes a cure for anxiety. "If you can establish a good relationship with an attractive girl, it's a very good thing," says a Harvard junior. "It gives you a sense of security. The ideal thing is to have someone you can depend on. Cambridge is such a cold, impersonal, aggressive place. There's a constant academic strain. You need the sense of security." (Quoted in *Newsweek*, April 6, 1964; p. 56.)

Higher Expectation of Young People

No doubt youth are the victims of our social hypocrisy, but this has always been so. Young men fight the wars arranged by their elders, and die for the sins of their ancestors. The remedy is not to turn young people loose to their passions but to reform society so there is less hypocrisy. This will require that society control the sexual stimulation in advertising, restrain erotic material in the press and movies and the whole public relations culture, and reform the economic order which exploits sex for its profit.

Meanwhile, before all that gets accomplished, I want to talk straight to you of the younger generation. You are victimized by the culture; customs and taboos load on you a burden not your own. But I do you the dignity of expecting from you behavior better than my generation displayed. Why better? Because otherwise there is no improvement. If society is to improve someone has to improve it. Why not you? If you behave like everyone else, that is not good enough; not good enough at all! Fulfillment in your life will never come by conforming to the prevailing mores. It will come only by sacrifice, and you must sacrifice several popular notions: the notion that sex is a private matter only, the notion that pleasure is the rest of morality, the notion that the new is always better than the old.

When students ask for relaxed parietal rules, for instance, some of them throw tantrums, kicking and screaming for what they want. But students are not always right. The university cannot grant students such facilities for sexual experiments as do not exist anywhere else in society. It is not the business of the university to conduct sexual experiments. Just because a standard is old is no proof it is wrong. Novelty can be disastrous. "The New Morality" might turn out to be new but not moral. If all sex standards are called prudish, then patriotism might be called sentimental, or scholarship be called effeminate. One who determines principles on this basis has a hole in his head.

Love and the Law

An undisciplined person is not human, but an untamed animal. If he cannot deny himself immediate pleasure he loses his capacity to enjoy it later on. If a person gets everything he wants there is no excitement in having it, and no satisfaction. Back in Old Testament times, Amnon passionately desired Tamar, and by trickery he enticed her into his chamber and then forced her to lie with him. Immediately then, "Amnon hated her with a very great hatred, so that the hatred with which he hated her was greater than the love with which he had loved her. And Amnon said to her, Arise, be gone" (2 Samuel 13:15). This happens especially among modern youth when the circumstances are crude and there is none of the beauty and peace of mind which can be arranged inside marriage and a home.

True love is never free from law. As we know, the theological climate today is permissive; it celebrates the Christian freedom from the law. True indeed, but the Christian is free to surpass the law, not free to fall below it. He lives beyond the law, not outside it. He is released from the law in the sense that he is released from fear of the law, released from guilt when he disobeys the law, released from his inability to obey the law, but not released from the intent of the law. "I came to fulfill the law," Jesus proclaimed, and he spoke repeatedly about his new commandments which were *more* demanding than the ancient law.

One mark of a mature person is this: he knows the limits of his own capacity for self-control, and he will not put himself into a situation more tempting than he can handle. The immature person, on the other hand, insisting on unlimited liberty, boasts, "I can handle myself in any situation." When students ask for privacy "to study together," they may be tempting themselves deliberately, in defiance of the Lord's Prayer petition asking not to be lead into temptation, or they may be blind to the nature of their own human nature. To say that mind is always able to control the body is a rationalist illusion. It does not do justice to the sexual dynamics of life. The mature person knows he needs both self-restraint and the limitations of law, for what a person calls a broad mind may be only a disguise for a stretched conscience.

A Common Sense Sex Code

I am convinced that what we now need is a new common sense code of sexual conduct. In a way I sympathize with the current theology: it talks about the "new morality . . . responsible liberty . . . doing all to the glory of God." One theologian, writing in a popular women's magazine on this problem, concluded by saying, "The gospel gives no answers, but poses a question of its own. It asks how I can best nourish the maturity of those with whom I share the torments and transports of human existence." (Harvey Cox, in *Redbook*, October 1964, p. 105.) Well and good, but

it doesn't set us forward toward what to do precisely with sexual problems. Not do I have much wisdom, but what I have I offer for your consideration, and with great thanks to a recent article by Dean Robert E. Fitch (in *The Christian Century*, October 7). Dean Fitch suggests such points as these:

1. *I am responsible for my own sex conduct.* The pressures are intense, and there is a widespread rebellion against any code at all, but for me it is no alibi to say that everyone else is doing it. That isn't true, and even if it were, even if all the world lost its sanity and only one person believed what others refuse, I will hold to what I believe to be good. Nothing from outside can defile me, only what I fashion within me—as Jesus said. I am responsible.

2. *Either I will control sex or sex will control me.* One or the other will be master. I control other things: my sleep, my money, my drinking and smoking; the girls even control their eating! It would be silly to say sex makes its own rules. I will make sex answer to me. I am in control.

3. *Sex is for humans, not for animals.* Ah, animals copulate, but people are much more delicate and complicated creatures, and for us sex is a subtle thing which only sensitive, only tender people can appreciate. When sex becomes too familiar and too available, it loses its fascination; and when reduced to biology it becomes ordinary, even vulgar. Sex belongs to mature and sensible people, not to animals even

though animals go around with human names attached and carrying books. Sex is for humans.

4. *Sexual compatibility is not the first requirement for happy marriage.* Two people can be sexually compatible and be otherwise miserable. Sex is no guarantee of love. Conversely, two people can be happy without sexual compatibility, although this is certainly not ideal. Marriage depends upon a lot more than sex: it requires love and loyalty for better and for worse; it requires high performance in house-keeping, job keeping, child rearing, and a basic agreement on what's important and what's right, and a faithfulness to one another—and premarital relations cannot test these things.

5. *Sex is social.* Personal, yes; private to be sure; there is a hidden, secretive quality that belongs to the mystery of sex. But also social. There is "no society whatsoever, from the most primitive to the most complex, that does not regulate sexual conduct by its folkways" (Fitch), because sex ramifies out into my job, my study, my religion, certainly into my personality and my basic style of life. What I do about sex affects my life as citizen. Sex is social.

Believing Comes Before Doing

Such a code may help some student find his way through the moral jungle of the modern campus. For some two hundred years now, we moderns have been told to throw off our ancient taboos, act on our impulses, yield to our desires, and live

in freedom. This was necessary, no doubt wise counsel. We did throw off restraints, and we do live in freedom—Now comes the time to put on the brakes. We human beings are neither wholly wise nor wholly good. We need protection from our own impulses, we need controls—and some controls we will have, either controls imposed upon us, or, much preferably, controls we impose upon ourselves. The prevailing mood scoffs at moral boundaries, ridicules any rules, and sees only evil in any kind of restraint. Granted, prohibitions imposed upon us can be just as evil as the freedoms we grant ourselves, but better than either would be wise restraints we impose upon ourselves for our own good.

Centuries ago St. Augustine said, "Love God and do as you please." That is the great commandment. But if we do not love God then nothing is more dangerous than doing just as we please. Perhaps the great wisdom is found in the Scriptures after all.

(1) Joseph was a young man of honor and integrity, but when Mrs. Potiphar propositioned him, whence came his power to refuse? Could it be that he expressed it himself? "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Not, notice, against Potiphar who trusted him, but against God who created him.

(2) Jesus made it clear (see Mark 7:14-22) that what defiles a man is not what happens to him from outside, but what he plans and decides on the inside. ■ ■

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE ENDLESS TASK

Must all the things be left undone that
God would have me do?
It seems no matter how hard I work
I never can get through.
Another heart needs comforting, and
hungers for the Word.
For everyone who knows His love,
another hasn't heard.
The fields are white for harvesting,
and victories are won;
But he who labors for the Lord can
never say "I'm done."

THIS DAY

The Lord has given me this day.
What difference has it made?
Am I more confident in Him, a little
less afraid?
And have I learned to trust Him more,
relying less on me?
Am I more certain of this God
I know, but cannot see?
If I have not grown more in faith,
If I have made no gain;
If I have failed to love Him more,
I lived this day in vain.

TOGETHER OR APART

No matter what life brings to you,
You'll have the strength to bear it;
As long as you have love to give,
And someone who can share it.

—Mary Louise Cheatham

Prayer for a Good Sport

By Florence Holmes Ryan

A mother tries to help her little son grow up

FROM the stands Ethel Nichols looked down on swimmers huddled together by teams around the club pool below, and knew that not a muscle-weary athlete among them could be more tired than she. Her bones ached from two days on bleacher boards, and her heart was hurting for the serious little boy hidden somewhere in the mass of legs, towels, and warm-up jackets that was the Meadow Brook Swimming Team.

Winning was important to Dick. Too important. Minor victories in local meets had filled him with enough confidence to dry tears of defeat. But this was the big regional competition, climax of his first season on the team.

Two mornings ago they had started out with their hope cloud high.

"I know I can beat 'em in back stroke, Mom," he said stumbling over his own feet. "I just know!"

And Ethel, hoping he could and, at the same time, wanting to temper his wild spirit against failure, said, "But remember, there'll be other boys here you never swam against, boys who may be better than those you've beaten."

"Don't you *want* me to win, Mom?"

"Of course I do!" How desperately she wanted it so that he would not be hurt and give up. Quitting was not in Ethel's code of sportsmanship. "But most of all, I want you to do your best."

"I will!"

And for two days she had watched young fish-like bodies race through the water and prayed. She couldn't ask, "Please, dear God, let him come in first!" That wasn't a fair prayer. But over and over she begged, "Please, if he loses, let me say the right thing, do the right thing, to help him that he won't be crushed." And again, "Oh, God, it



would help so much if he could place in just one event."

Even when Ethel was talking to people around her, the pleading was there inside, the prayer for a good sport. Maybe it was only mothers who knew the full meaning of "pray without ceasing."

That first morning Dick had gone out grinning, eager, sturdy in blue

tank trunks, skin sunbrowned and hair sunbleached, summer's development showing in arms and legs. He was ready for the boys' medley relay and was counting on his back stroke to help them win a trophy.

The prayer was with Ethel when the gun fired and seven boys in as many lanes shoved against the pool

wall and began to swim twenty-five flailing meters. Dick reached the end first, and Ethel breathed, "Oh, thank you, God." While they were doing the breast stroke, Dick's friend Jerry, dived over him to swim hard. The butterfly and freestyle followed with good time, and Meadow Brook had won the heat to qualify for finals that night.

After noon, Dick and five other boys fidgeted on their stands while the speaker boomed over the crowd, "Will the entrant for the Dolphin Club please report?"

A redheaded boy came running, jumped upon the stand, poised for a racing dive, straightened and asked "What stroke?" as if he were ready for anything.

The crowd laughed.

"Butterfly!"

Dick lost completely, but Ethel hoped that wouldn't dismay him. After all, butterfly wasn't his stroke. He tried it only because Stoney, the coach, asked him to.

The late Dolphin won.

Dinner at the Nichols' table was seasoned with joy and braggadocio. "Sure, we clobbered them!" Dick declared to the amused senior Richard. "We're better than the rest of 'em! We've worked *hard!* Stoney's been countin' on us!"

The cockiness was nearly as bad as disappointment of defeat would have been, Ethel decided, seeing the trophy-gleam in her son's eyes, and prayed quietly, "Oh, God, whatever it takes for a good sport, please help me to make him one! I cannot do it alone. I greatly need thy help."

THE medley finals went the same way as the preliminaries, and members of the Meadow Brook relay for boys ten years old and under hugged each other, danced and giggled. Dick ran toward the stands below Ethel and big Richard and shouted, "We won! I told you! We won!"

Then Ethel began to hear murmurings around her. "Meadow Brook medley relay disqualified?" "Oh, they couldn't possibly be!" "They were." "Why?" "Somebody said the back had his foot out of the water at the start."

She died a little bit inside.

When the loud-speaker confirmed the rumors, Ethel and Richard hunted for their crushed son to take him home.

"It wasn't fair!" he stormed. "My foot wasn't out of the water!"

"If the judges say it was, it likely was." Ethel believed her words, but she hadn't even known there was such a rule, and it seemed a petty thing.

"Well, how would you feel if your team had worked and worked for a trophy and you let them down?" he demanded belligerently and sobbed, "They'll hate me!"

"No, they won't," Ethel said, trying to sound more certain than she felt with her knowledge of boys, and wondered how in the world a trophy, a hunk of bronze and ebony something or other with a man on top could mean so much, but it did. And in that moment she knew it did.

"I let Stoney down! I'm not going back tomorrow! I'm gonna quit."

Oh, God, what could she say? Nine years old was so young to be learning how heavy real defeat can be.

The next morning, Friday, Ethel and Dick set out again, just as they had the day before except that today Dick's shoulders slumped, he chewed on his fingers, and even the new strength of his muscles seemed somehow slack. Yesterday's half man had retrogressed to little boyhood.

The freestyle relay for Dick's age group was scheduled after lunch. At noon Dick came up and said, "Let's go home."

"But—when do you swim?"

"Stoney's not going to let me swim today."

"Why?"

"He's put Bill Jarvis in my place, and I can beat him freestyle any ol' day!"

"Well, maybe Stoney thought Bill deserved a chance to swim." Ethel was trying.

"No, it's because I got disqualified!"

"Isn't there a rule about entering only three events?"

"I guess."

"Then that's the reason—"

"Well," Dick said as if making concessions and soothing his own pain, too, "I know Stoney does the fair thing."

"Thank you, God," Ethel thought. "That's such a little thing, but it's in the right direction."

"Anyhow, I'm gonna quit after the meet's over."

The pall of defeat draped about the Nichols household lifted slightly

when they started out on Saturday morning. Today Dick would swim in individual back stroke. And Ethel knew he was good. Maybe he could place. That would salve his sensitive ego enough to keep him working with the team.

They didn't have long to wait today.

From the bleachers, Ethel, watching her child leave the Meadow Brook group and take his place in the water ready to shove off, forgot her tired body. "Oh, God, please let him remember to keep his foot under!"

The gun fired. Arms lifted up and back with energetic rhythm. Cheers rang out from the stand. Back of her someone shouted, "Come on, Nichols!" Ethel turned and thought with a brief warmth of pleasure, a man she didn't even know was yelling for her son!

Looking toward the pool she saw the first boy finish the twenty-five meter stretch. It wasn't Dick. The second touched, and then Dick put his hand on the end of the pool, a close third in the heat. Qualification was by time. Maybe. But there were four more heats. So many boys to swim back stroke, fat boys, skinny boys, fast ones and slow, splashing and smooth. And only six to make finals.

When the speaker blared out the qualifying names, Dick's wasn't among them. And Ethel, momentarily grateful big Richard was with her, felt disappointed when "Don't take it so seriously" was the inadequate comfort he gave.

"What happened?" The father



asked as they were on their gloomy way home.

"I don't know. That was my fastest time—twenty-five one—and I beat three of the boys who made finals last month!"

"You did your best," Ethel tried to console. "And it's all right." But it wasn't—not with Dick.

IN the back seat of the car he chewed on his knuckles, and over the noise of the engine she could hear a sound that was a cross between choke and snuffle. For him the meet was over. And he was defeated.

"I'm not going back tonight!" he declared stubbornly.

"But don't you want to see the rest of the team—the big boys, the

fifteen hundred meter freestyle—how long do you suppose that will take?" Ethel tried to make it sound interesting. She hadn't dared ask if the other medley relay fellows were angry with him. It couldn't help, and she was afraid of the answer.

"You're sure Stoney won't need you for anything tonight?" she asked, feeling desperate and futile, when they started to leave the house. "Wouldn't you like me to put some trunks in my bag just in case?"

Something could have happened, an error in timing, a disqualification, anything—she thought, and this was the last chance of the season.

"O.K." he said staring at his toes,

"but it won't do a bit of good."

In the stands he was restless. "Let's go home!"

"Not now," Ethel urged. "We'll stay and see the fifteen hundred meter." And then the loud-speaker announced finals in back for boys ten and under. No miracle had happened.

Dick squirmed and muttered, "I'm not going to stay here. I'm going inside."

"Don't you want to watch the finals?" Ethel asked, knowing how much it must torture him.

"No!"

He would get a drink or eat peanuts, she thought. Maybe even that would help. "Oh, God, what can I do for a child with a broken heart—who's so disappointed with himself?"

Before he was down from the stands, six little boys, all from other teams, thrust themselves backward through the water to win first six places in the meet. Ethel, once confident Dick could place, saw that he had paused below to watch the event before he disappeared.

FEAR NOT

As I lay in my bed this morning
I saw a sunrise rare—
The ragged clouds all fringed with rose
And gold dust in the air.

The sun rose swiftly behind them,
And this ball of glorious light
Reminded me "God's still up there,"
And we must not fear the fight.

—Xena K. Bragg

Surely he would be all right, she told herself. He could find his way about the club. But how unhappy was he?

She was wondering if she should look for him when there he was back.

"Mom!" he said excitedly, "Give me my trunks. The kids are all down there with the team. They didn't qualify in anything either, and they're having fun, and they want me—"

"Kids? What kids?" Ethel questioned, handing over the trunks so that he might dress for the pool area.

"Mike and Jerry and Carl—and all of them!"

Mike and Jerry and Carl. The rest of the boys' medley relay, and they wanted him.

When the fifteen hundred meter freestyle, the diving and all the other competitions were over and the water in the pool was still again, the Nichols family got in their car and started home.

"Gee," Dick said from the back seat. "It was fun down there with the team. I can't wait till next year."

"Why not?"

"Because—I'm going to work harder and then," he prophesied with loud nine-year-old eagerness, "we'll clobber 'em! Yessir! We'll really clobber 'em!"

"Oh, God, thank you," Ethel thought. "I just prayed wrong. There are some things a mother can't do for a child. There are some things boys have to work out for themselves and for one another."

■ ■

Is "the World" Off Limits?

By Erma Ferrari

THE phrase "Christian philosophy of vocation" may sound a bit high-flown to a young man or woman who is not headed for the Christian ministry or some other field of professional Christian work. Such a young person is interested in finding a job that interests him and that he can do well. He has not given much thought to "philosophy," but the Christian worker may well recognize that if his Christian faith has any claim on his life at all, it must be a total claim. As applied to his job, this means that to the Christian, every job is a Christian calling. There can be no gap between Sunday and Monday. The business of living as a Christian is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, and it frequently meets its highest challenge on the job, for God's call to young men and women comes not only to the Christian who would be a professional church worker, but just as directly to the everyday tasks of everyday life in the secular world of work.

This principle is as old as Chris-

tian history. The leaders of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century proclaimed what they called "the priesthood of believers." They were not priests of the church in an ecclesiastical sense, but at work and among their neighbors they were witnesses to their nearly established faith, and they transformed the world of their day and of the future. A group of Quakers who came to America two centuries later made the decision to regard every job they entered as an opportunity to witness to their beliefs and to serve their fellow workers as Christians. Henceforth, those carpenters, farmers, millers, trades' people brought dignity and dedication to their vocational lives and blessing to their neighbors in their new country.

Encompasses One's Life

God's call to Christian workers has not changed over the years. It outdates the Peace Corps and the Great Society by centuries, but it is as modern as any of these

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emergency programs. And it goes deeper and far beyond them, for God's call encompasses one's life, unlimited in time. It is not a short-term proposition; it is forever.

We can readily understand why it is essential that the building of the Kingdom must depend on a vast corps of workers who believe that they have been called of God to perform their job as the Christian should perform it. No bridge was ever built on the planning board; no hospital ever functioned successfully through its board of trustees; no school ever contributed to the education of its student body merely by wise administration. There must be back of the planners and the directors the dedicated and skilled workers, who carry out the plans and the directions.

The young man who wrote to a youth counselor that he had studied to be an accountant and had been offered a good position, but that he did not want just a bread-and-butter job—he wanted to help build the “brave new world”—had lost sight of his Christian calling. He was assuming that the Kingdom must be built by ministers, missionaries, and other professional religious workers. He was assuming, also, that he would make as good a professional religious worker as he would an accountant, which very likely was not the case. He was forgetting that the Kingdom must be built by millions of persons, accountants among them, who would enter the world of work on Monday with the same spirit and purpose they had talked and prayed about

on Sunday. And here is a significant point—it just could be that a Christian accountant could have more far-reaching influence vocationally than his own minister could ever have, because the young accountant moves in vocational circles which the minister would probably never enter, and through his “bread-and-butter” job, gains the attention of fellow workers for good or ill.

“Fine theory,” we hear you say, “but how does it work out in a working world of keen competition, unsympathetic fellow workers, difficult employers, bad working conditions, and so on and so on.” The list of difficulties is a long one, as any worker can testify. We can only mention a few of the ways to meet them here, but discuss these and others in the light of your own experience and observation.

A Christian at Work

1. Do your job *well*. There is no place in the Christian vocation for sloppy, careless, inefficient work. Be a well-equipped and conscientious ambassador for your Christian faith through the quality of your work. You should share the attitude of the Welsh carpenter who speaks of his job in “Jesus, the Carpenter”:

I don't know right where as His
shed may ha' stood;
But often as I've been a-planning
wood,
I've took off my hat just when
thinking of He
At the same work as me.
And I'll warrant He felt a bit proud
like I've done

At a good job begun.
 So I comes right away by myself
 with the Book,
 And I turns the old pages and has
 a good look
 At the text as I've found, as tells
 me as He
 Were the same trade as me.

—Catherine Lidell

2. Be honest with your employer, in everything, large and small. He may not always be honest with you, but you are not responsible for his life; you are responsible for your own. If you are *sure* you are not being treated honestly, change your job.

3. Be a Christian friend—not smug or self-righteous—but one who, your fellow workers will soon discover, will never let them down.

4. Cultivate your devotional life and stand by your principles,—in the labor union, at the office party, with difficult fellow workers, when under the pressure of hard work.

5. Take advantage of every opportunity, off the job and on, for personal growth.

The New Testament record of the first-century church tells us of the dedicated and spectacular work of Peter, Paul, Timothy, and others. But the Christian movement succeeded because groups of obscure workers, members of the early church, exerted their powerful influence at the community level, in the marketplace, on their jobs, where public opinion was, and continues to be, finally shaped.

Your “calling” may well be to a bread-and-butter job—a teacher, nurse, mechanic, engineer, office

worker. Consider that career a sacred trust. Edgar Frank puts it beautifully in “Altars”:

A man I know has made an altar
 Of his factory bench
 And one has turned the counter in
 his store
 Into a place of sacrifice and holy
 ministry.

Another still has changed his office-
 desk

Into a pulpit-desk, from which to
 speak and write,

Transforming commonplace affairs
 Into the business of the King.

A Martha in our midst has made
 Her kitchen-table a communion-
 table.

A postman makes his daily round
 A walk in the temple of God.

To all of these, each daily happen-
 ing

Has come to be a whisper from the
 lips of God,

Each separate task a listening-post,
 And every common circumstance

A wayside shrine.

—(Used by permission of the au-
 thor and *The Christian Century*.)



“A dime, Mac, for my coffee break?”



By Alson J. Smith

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AS one enters Las Vegas along that garish, neon-lit section of the highway known as "The Strip," he sees a large sign at a service station to his left. It says: Free Aspirin—Ask Us Anything. Not until he leaves town does the visitor see the reverse side of the sign which reads: Free Aspirin—and Our Tender Sympathy.

This message every sensible person knows—that the gambler never wins in the long run, and seldom even in the short run. One of the oldest wheezes among gamblers is that in which a horseplayer remarks to his friend, "I hope I break even today; I need the money."

The Christian attitude toward gambling is not based on the fact that it is foolish, but on what it does to the character of the individual, the community, and the nation that tolerates it.

What is the Christian attitude toward games of chance?

Gambling was condemned by the early church. Tertullian said, "If you say you are a Christian when you are a dice-player, you say you are what you are not, because you are a partner with the world."

Gambling is incompatible with the Christian life, because:

1. It is an attempt to get something without paying the price. It is robbery by mutual consent, just as dueling is murder by mutual consent. The motive is one clearly forbidden to Christians—covetousness.

2. Gambling is a violation of the principles of Christian stewardship. The Christian attitude towards property bars gambling with it, be-

cause while a man may be a proprietor in relation to his fellowman, he is a steward in his relation to God. He is not morally free to do as he likes with what God has given him in trust.

3. It makes chance the judge of conduct. This appeal to chance implies a denial of all the nobler powers of man—reason, skill, the sense of justice, and responsibility. It is foolish to argue that skill enters into gambling, for everything possible is done to neutralize skill in favor of chance.

4. Gambling is anti-social because it is a pleasure obtained at the cost of another's loss. It may be argued that the loser is rewarded by the excitement of the game. But this, all too often, is not true.

5. It is destructive of personality because it tends toward excess. The habitual gambler is as sick a personality as the habitual drinker. Speaking of Bingo addicts, a California psychiatrist said, "These women turn to Bingo the way other people turn to alcohol. They live in a daydream world, always on the verge of finding a pot of gold."

6. Gambling misleads youth. Candy store punch boards and baseball pool tickets, television giveaways, and "contests" that are in reality lotteries, give young people the idea that it is possible to "get something for nothing," and that there is a short-cut to success. But—there isn't!

7. The profits from gambling are the principal support of big-time racketeering and gangsterism. The Kefauver Committee estimated the

annual gambling turnover in the United States as \$20,000,000,000. This money bankrolls every variety of organized vice and crime, and even infiltrates legitimate business. The Committee listed fifty areas of business, from Advertising to Transportation, that had been supported by underworld money. "Thus," they say, "the \$2 horse bettor, and the 5¢ numbers players are not only suckers, because they are gambling against hopeless odds, but they also provide the moneys which enable underworld characters to undermine our institutions."

8. Gambling corrupts public officials. Just before he was murdered, James Ragen, head of a horse-wire service for bookmakers, told the Illinois State's Attorney that over a three-year period he had paid out \$600,000 in "political contributions." In New York City, the Gross bookmaking empire admittedly paid over \$1,000,000 a year for police protection. This corruption subverts all law enforcement.

There are some who say: "A little gambling is good for business. A wide-open town attracts tourists." This is false argument, for the profits from gambling are pocketed by criminals, hoodlums, and corrupt politicians. In the first season after gambling was outlawed in the Miami area, more tourists spent more money in Miami and Miami Beach than ever before.

Others point to Nevada as an example of the benefits of legalized gambling. But the Kefauver Committee said, "The Nevada licensing system has not resulted in the ex-

clusion of undesirables from the State, but has merely served to give their activities a seeming cloak of respectability. . . . As a case history of organized gambling, Nevada speaks eloquently in the negative."

Free Aspirin! That is the perfect motto for the deluded individual who thinks he can "beat the system." The community or State that hopes to mitigate the evils of gambling by legalizing it, or the nation that permits gambling money to corrupt its economy and its political and legal institutions is building on a foundation of sand.

The Christian steward has no need for Free Aspirin—nor any Tender Sympathy. He does not have a gambling headache. He knows that gambling in any form is the enemy of God's Kingdom, and his only concern with it is to combat it wherever and whenever it shows itself.



"In order to save time, all your shots have been combined into one!"

Daily Bible Readings

SEPTEMBER

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Matthew	3
2	Matthew	4
3	Matthew	8
4	Matthew	9
5 Sunday	Deuteronomy	8
6	Deuteronomy	31:1-13
7	Matthew	10
8	Matthew	12:1-30
9	Matthew	12:31-50
10	Matthew	13:1-30
11	Matthew	13:31-58
12 Sunday	Matthew	14
13	Matthew	15
14	Matthew	16
15	Matthew	17
16	Matthew	18
17	Matthew	19
18	Matthew	20
19 Sunday	Matthew	21:1-22
20	Matthew	21:23-46
21	Matthew	22:1-22
22	Matthew	22:23-46
23	Matthew	23
24	Matthew	24:1-28
25	Matthew	24:29-51
26 Sunday	Matthew	26:1-25
27	Matthew	26:26-46
28	Matthew	26:47-75
29	Matthew	27:1-33
30	Matthew	27:34-66

QUOTES

One way a man is apt to lose control of his car is by teaching his wife how to drive.—Anna Herbert

FATHER (after baby-sitting with son): Isn't there a cereal that will sap his energy?—Gene Yasenak.

The Chaplain Is Ready to Help

By Carl W. McGeehon

MORE than twenty years ago, while stationed at a base in South Dakota, I was walking down the street near the edge of the business district in a nearby town.

Coming toward me, on the other side of the street, was a serviceman. Perhaps he had passed some of the bars, but he had not passed them all!

When he got almost opposite me, he called across the street, "Hey! Bud. Is this the way back to camp?"

Now I had not been in the service long but I had a distinct impression that this was not the proper way for a PFC to address even a newly commissioned first lieutenant. At any rate it seemed the better part of prudence to cross the street and see what could be done for the befuddled soldier.

As I came near enough that through his bleary eyes he caught sight of the bar on my cap, a wave

of fright swept over him as he vainly struggled into some semblance of attention. A moment later he caught sight of the cross on my collar. I have never seen such a wave of relief come over anyone! The fact that he was dealing with a chaplain rather than a line officer made quite a difference in his mind.

That young man had an image of what a chaplain was—or should be. In his book the chaplain was there to befriend, not belabor him.

That incident has long stuck in memory because it points up the fact that he took it for granted that the chaplain was one who was ready to help.

That was one of the simplest problems with which I ever dealt. It was merely a matter of pointing a finger in the direction of camp. At least the immediate, if not the deeper problem, was solved.

People are the chaplain's busi-

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ness. He is concerned with persons, their needs, their problems, their welfare, and all that happens to them. He has dedicated himself to the ministry of helping people. The cross he wears symbolizes his concern for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of those he serves.

The Chaplain as a Friend

Your chaplain stands ready to offer you his friendship. He will not intrude upon your privacy nor force you willingly into a relationship you may not want, but he offers you his friendship if you will accept it.

Many of us have questions about life, conduct, religion, social problems, the Bible, right and wrong, or denominational practices about which we would like guidance. Not all problems brought to a chaplain are of earthshaking consequence. In these less serious matters a mature, knowledgeable friend can be helpful.

Often through just talking about such questions we secure new understanding on the problems that puzzle us. Every chaplain can look back on informal discussions with people where he was able to dispel doubt or clear up misinterpretations which hampered intellectual growth and spiritual development.

Again, who of us has not been puzzled at times as to how to handle personal relationships involving a member of the opposite sex, a supervisor, a subordinate, or a barracks mate. At times we need the guidance of a trusted friend to determine the best way to deal with

a sticky situation. Your chaplain stands ready to think through with you how best to handle such a problem.

Clearly apart from any problem you may have your chaplain covets your friendship. The better he knows you, the better he can serve your organization. He is aware that you reflect the morals, the attitudes, and the thinking of others in your unit. Your friendship enriches his life and ministry just as his friendship can enrich yours.

The Chaplain as a Counselor

All of us face problems constantly. Most of the time we can handle those problems within our own resources. On occasion, however, we come up against a set of circumstances which threaten our present and jeopardize our future happiness. We are at a loss to know how to cope with the situation. At such a time the chaplain stands ready to serve as a resource for help and guidance.

What can the chaplain do? Certainly he has no crystal ball into which he gazes and extracts the right answer. Nor does he have a bag of tricks for subtly guiding human behavior. But in counseling he has the means for helping people deal intelligently with the predicament in which they find themselves.

Sometimes he does the easy thing—he manipulates the environment. A telephone call to a noncom or a commander on a man's behalf may solve a problem quickly and effectively.

To tell the truth, most of us chap-

lains do not like to use this method in dealing with a problem. It gets rid of the problem but it does not help the man in dealing with the next problem that he faces. Most of us would far rather help a man work out the solution to his problem than solve it for him. We believe that a person has within himself the capacity to arrive at the best solution for him and we feel he is better able to handle future problems if he takes responsibility and initiative rather than relying on someone else to do something for him.

Every chaplain learns of people who have been carrying burdens which might have been lightened if the bearer had shared his problem with someone earlier.

Not infrequently problems are resolved simply by talking about them. "Thinking out loud" about a situation is far more fruitful than worrying about it alone.

The chaplain is sometimes embarrassed when people give him credit for solving a man's problem, when all he has done has been to serve as a sympathetic listener. By talking aloud the man arrives at a new understanding or acquires new insights which clarifies what must be done to solve a problem.

If you are faced with a serious problem, your chaplain stands ready as a counselor to do all within his power to work out a solution. It is worth remembering that whatever is told to a chaplain is held in confidence. As "privileged communication" the content of the confidence will not be revealed without the ex-

press permission of the person concerned.

The Chaplain as a Pastor

Above all, your chaplain stands ready to be your pastor. He has an approach to life which he believes makes for happiness for all who will share it with him. This attitude reflects his understanding of God and his will for life. He sees life in terms of something more than material realities. Integrity, faith, human dignity, and right relationships are among the most important values in life. Worship, the sacraments, prayer, and the reading of the Word of God are ways in which these are acquired and reinforced.

You will note that the goal of the chaplain does not differ from that of the pastor of your home church—to help you grow in the grace and likeness of Christ. Your chaplain may come from a different denomination than you do. Some of his ways of doing things, particularly in worship and the sacraments, may appear strange to you. Remember that he has as valid reasons for conducting services the way he does as your pastor does back home. The point to remember is that he has dedicated himself to ministering to Christ's people in His Name.

Your chaplain covets your friendship. He stands ready to serve you as counselor or pastor or in any other way in which he is capable. Don't sell your chaplain short. Let him be your friend; let him be your counselor; let him be your pastor while you are in service. ■ ■

NEW RETREAT CENTER IN FAR EAST

THE Fifth Air Force has developed a new religious retreat center in Japan. It is located at Tama which was a part of the old Tama Ammo Depot, fifteen minutes from the Headquarters of the Fifth Air Force at Fuchu Air Station. The center encompasses 300 acres of hilly wooded land which was formerly held by the Imperial family of Japan.

The Center is housed under one roof and includes a kitchen, dining hall for over 100, a lounge, chapel, library, blessed sacrament room and conference rooms. Distinguished visitors' rooms are available for special speakers and conference directors. The upstairs is presently equipped to house 50 conferees and will be expanded to care for 100.

Each of the living quarters rooms were assigned to the chapels and the organizations (PWOC, PMOC, PYOC, Sodality, Holy Name, etc.) for equipping. They provided drapes, bedspreads, throw rugs and pictures.

The Center was dedicated on 4 April 1965 when Chaplain, Major General, Robert P. Taylor, was present on a visit to the Far East. Chaplain Taylor brought the Opening Address and cut the tape to the new Retreat facility.

The Center will be used to strengthen the inner devotion to God for all military personnel in the Far East.



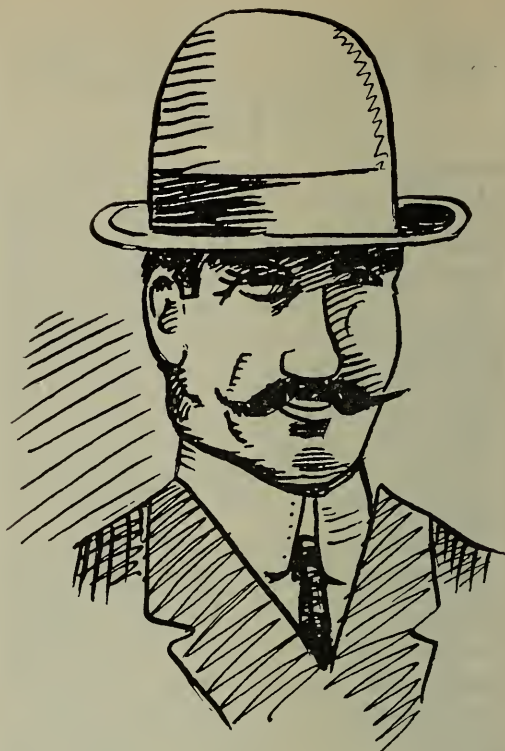
Ch, Maj Gen, Robt. P. Taylor, Chief of Chaplains, USAF, cuts the ribbon at the 5th Air Force Religious Retreat Center, Tama, Tokyo, 4 April, 1965. L to R: Ch Taylor; Ch, Col, Roy M. Terry, Staff Chaplain, 5th AF; Lt Gen Maurice A. Preston, Commander, US Force Japan and 5th Air Force.

Ch, Maj Gen, Robert P. Taylor gives the opening address at the 5th Air Force Religious Retreat Center which opened on 4 April, 1965. At this spot military personnel in the Far East will draw apart for worship, prayer, meditation, study, reading, music, directed discussion.



*A
Name
to
Remember*

By Richard C. Redmond



Peter J. McGuire

LABOR Day has become as firm a part of American holiday tradition as the Fourth of July, yet few remember the name of its founder, a red-haired, silver-tongued Irish-American named Peter J. McGuire.

Born in New York City's East Side in 1852, McGuire learned all about labor—hard manual labor—at eleven years of age. When his Irish-born father fought in the Civil War, the boy had to begin supporting the family by shining shoes, hawking newspapers, sweeping the floors of department stores, and holding horses for shoppers. Soon he was working in the factories.

Next he went into cabinetmaking while still a youth and rose swiftly to leadership in the nation's struggling labor movement. Like many descendants from the Emerald Isle, his career was helped by his eloquency—augmented perhaps by his admirable, wax-tipped, handle-bar mustache. It must be pointed out too, that he charmed none of his employers by pioneering the eight-hour day and helping to found the American Federation of Labor.

On May 8, 1882, McGuire, then twenty-nine, addressed the Central Labor Union in New York City. A

black bow tie quivered against his celluloid collar as he cried out for a festive day, to be held about midway between July 4 and Thanksgiving, to permit public tribute to "those who from rude nature have delved and carved the grandeur we behold."

So it came to pass that on the following September 5 the first Labor Day was observed in New York City. Employers took an exceedingly dim view of the new holiday, and gave but a handful of their workers the day off. In fact some of the employees were threatened with dismissal if they paraded. Many firms expected trouble.

Nonetheless, ten thousand people showed up to march along Fifth Avenue to the stirring strains of *Killarney*. The old *New York Herald* reported that members of the Bricklayers Union were "wearing white aprons and carrying no clubs, although they had been chosen by the Central Labor Union to act as special police. They may have had bricks in their pockets."

A picnic, dancing and speech-making by McGuire among others, set the style for Labor Days to come. Fireworks showered cascades of color over buildings where the first electric lights had recently been installed.

The Labor Day idea spread rapidly. Oregon made it a legal holiday in 1887. Congress, with a startling lack of dissension, gave it a stamp of approval by legalizing observances in the Territories and the District of Columbia in 1894. All the states, by 1923 had fallen into line.

Strange to say few history books today ever mention the founder's name. Just in case it has escaped your memory it will be repeated: Mr. Peter J. McGuire. ■ ■

NEWS BIT

Jazz and Worship

Edgar Summerlin and poet William Robert Miller have collaborated in developing a major work which joins jazz with contemporary idiom in prayer and poetry. The result is "Liturgy of the Holy Spirit," a full-length work for vocal quartet, choir, congregation, minister, and jazz ensemble, produced by Broadcast Music, Inc., 589 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

TOO PERSONAL

Then there was the country editor who finally wearied of all the hue and cry that followed each of his editorial blasts. This week, he decided to duck all the public issues, so he simply reprinted the Ten Commandments. Next day, he got a note from an angry subscriber, saying: "Cancel my subscription. . . . You're getting too personal!"—*All-Church Press*.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 29, U.S. Air Force; page 40, Signal Corps Photographic Library; pages 59, 61, U.S. Navy; page 60, The Citadel.

God's Grace and Disciples' Quest

By George A. Buttrick

Chapter 9 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount

THE opening verses of Matthew 7:7-11 are in poetic form. Can you not "see" the three lines, and then the next three, "underneath" each other? So the prophets of old spoke, in jets of poetry. So Christ often spoke. In Luke's version (Luke 11:11, 12) the three metaphors (ask, seek, knock) are followed by three tiny parables (bread, fish, egg). In Matthew the third parable is missing. Poetry has more motion than prose, and more insight. Prose is "prosy," but poetry at its best is incandescent with the Spirit. Notice the title of this study. We speak often about "man's quest for God," and thus betray our pride. There could be no quest for God unless God inspired it: "It is He who made us, and we are His." What use to "ask" if there is no gift and no Giver? So we think first about God's grace.

I

God is gift for our asking, Prize for our seeking, Home for our knocking at the door. There is a shabby story about a man and his garden. His neighbor said, "You and God have made a wonderful garden," to which the man replied, "You should have seen the mess when only God had it." My fellow preachers peddle that miserable yarn. My students offer it in preaching class. The actual facts about that garden are these: God gave seed and soil and the mystery of life between them, wind and sun and rain, the faithful round of the seasons, and the order of the cosmos. The further facts are these: God made the gardener and all his hopes and skills. Now how much

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is left of the story? The scientist speaks of his discoveries, but he can discover only what is there to be discovered. Our asking would be vain without a vast Givenness, our seeking folly without the Prize already hidden and waiting, our knocking frustration without a welcome on the other side of the door.

Not always does God give just what we ask. Sometimes he does, because our asking is in line with his will; and sometimes because he can thus best guide us, and sometimes to show us the folly of our asking. But sometimes God gives us gifts other than our wish. Ponce de Leon did not find in Florida or anywhere else the secret of perpetual youth. Our founding fathers did not discover on these shores complete religious liberty, for they were beset by tribes with their own ways of worship. Marriage does not fulfill our paradisaical hopes: it brings new responsibilities which double when the children come. Yet we must "ask" because all things come of God, and we must "seek" because every man is stricken by a discontent, and we must "knock" because some doors (such as the door of pardon and of eternal life) can be opened only from the inside. Then God gives us his gifts, his prize, his welcome.

God's gifts are better than we ask whenever we seek his will. How do we know? Let us postpone that answer (it is made clear in this same passage) while we discuss our human part in the whole endeavor. Meanwhile we should be doubly clear about God's part. The "good things" (Matthew's version) and the gift of "the Holy Spirit" (Luke's version) do not come from our "progress" even though in colossal conceit we often make that claim. What price "progress" in a world in which every man dies? These gifts do not come by "evolution," for though that word may apply to certain realms of scientific study (in constant reinterpretation) the death camps in Germany or murders by segregationists in Mississippi are hardly Exhibit A of man's evolving saintliness. All is of God. Herbert Butterfield, the noted English historian, sat in my study and said after a long silence: "If God stopped breathing, we would all vanish." All that we have and are is not by any "ism" or "movement," but by God's sovereign and saving act.

II

But we do play our part. There is no gift without our asking (except vast treasure given when we are born), no prize without our seeking,

and no home at last without our knocking at the door. But notice: this is "Disciples' Quest." The Sermon on the Mount is no Diners' Club Card without any bill rendered at the first of the month. The promise is spoken by Christ only to those who would follow him, and it lives only in his Spirit. "Ask, and it will be given you" is not a cheap comfort for any asking. There is no prize for the man who makes a long journey into selfishness. As to the door, have we not all gone down too many streets and knocked at too many doors? The house we thus reach is darkness at the last.

But why does God require that we ask, seek, and knock? You have heard people say in shallow mind, "Why pray when God is good?" Why does not God give his gifts outright? There are many reasons which even our dim minds can trace. One reason is God cannot force his gifts on us, especially when we do not want them: a hand to give is still helpless without a hand to receive, and not even God can save us by destroying our freedom. Another reason is this: when a child asks, a conversation follows between child and father, and thus a new strand is woven into the bond of love. Another reason is this: when we ask, a two-way traffic is established; God's mind flows into our mind, and we thus become aware of the shabbiness of much of our asking; and we "change our mind" because we are now open to his Spirit.

Another reason is this: it is joy to ask and seek and knock, and God does not cheat us of the excitement of the quest. Another reason is: the quest increases our courage; and thus our fathers would not have foregone the long journey west in covered wagons, even though the Rockies blocked their path, even though some of them perished at Donner Lake, for suddenly they saw the vast Pacific, and (greater boon) they were now men worthy of that sight. Yes, there is another reason, in fact reasons on reasons: God wishes to surprise us with his gifts which are far better than those we covet. That is why God allowed that cheap and blasphemous gardener to be his pigmy partner: could the gardener ever have guessed by looking at the seed the wonder of fruit and flowers? So it is necessary that we ask, seek, and knock.

III

Now we can return to the question which we left hanging in mid-air: *how do we know that God's answers are much better than our asking?* Why assume that God's care for us is a "Father's" care? That

word "know" is a slippery word: there are different ways of knowing. How do we know a potato is good? A poem? A man? What vastly different ways! How do we know that God is good? Jesus here says that we know it by our own fatherhood. "What father among you," if his child asked bread, "would give him a stone" which looked like bread, thus letting the child break his teeth and still go hungry? "If you then being evil" (notice the word "evil": Jesus was not starry-eyed about human nature), "know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father give good things from heaven to those who ask him?" This is striking argument. We can judge a picture by the black in it or by its touch of sky. Why not by the light, when if there were no light there could be no picture?

We can judge a rose by the thorns or by the flower: we may not know why there are thorns (and perhaps we have no right to ask that God make known eternal mysteries to mortal minds), but we still have the flower. We can judge all life by the Alaskan earthquake (on Good Friday of all days!), or by a mother's yearning over her children. If we choose the good as clue, we have no "explanation" for the bad (or only partial explanation); but if we choose the bad as clue, we have no explanation of the good; and the good is still good—positive, creative, joyous, challenging. It would seem at times that Albert Camus hated God because of the cruelty in the world: he debits God with the cruelty, and credits Camus with the compassion. Would we treat even a human friend that way? Surely we are partly to blame for the cruelty. Yes, wide margins of mystery remain, but we must still make the choice, and Jesus tells us how to make it, by an argument from our good to God's best.

But there is a much better reason: we know the "Father" through "the Son." In some manuscripts the phrase is not "your Father," but "the Father." Yes, God is our Father, as in the Lord's Prayer, but he is also all men's Father and the Father of all worlds. Astronomers propose that there may be thousands of human communities scattered through the vast reaches of the cosmos, but that seems unlikely, because there are no duplicates in the universe as we know it. No two blades of grass are alike, and no two snowflakes. God creates by craftsmanship, not by mass production. But there may be other ranges of life unlike our own: the Bible is slow to yield the word "angels."

Then how do we know that God is "the Father"? By the Christ who gave us the promise. The skeptic asks, "But why choose Christ as clue?" Perhaps one answer is, "Why not?" But the skeptic question

has realism: "Why choose a Carpenter from Nazareth long ago and far away?" The real answer is that we do not choose Him: He chooses us. Far from our choosing him, we hurry him to some new Golgotha in every generation, the "good people" being main party to the plot now as in that ancient day. One of my colleagues in New York wrote a book entitled *The Crucifixion in Our Street*. The dust-cover showed tenement clotheslines with their supporting props looking like so many crosses: the street was full of them. The antennae on your roof: have you noticed? The four sunken panels of the door, two small ones above, two larger ones below, making a raised cross: have you noticed? That was deliberate: the insignia of the ancient Carpenters' Guild, in memory of a Carpenter who died. We cannot forget Christ, because the mystery behind all life has thrust a hand through the wood and the nails to choose us. How do we know? *Don't* we know?

Now we can return to the black in the picture! Calvary was black with trader's greed, Temple hypocrisy, Roman cruelty, disciples' treachery and cowardice, mob bloodlust. Calvary was the blackest picture in all history. The story tells us that the day turned to midnight. But Calvary is not now black: it is the world's sacrament, and our hope as we hear Christ pray for us: "Father, forgive them." We still do not understand the mystery of evil and sin, but we know now that God can change the blackness into his own heartbreak and our daybreak.

IV

It matters greatly by what name we call God. "Power"? But whose power? Power alone would set our teeth on edge. "Law"? But whose law? Law has nothing to say to us when we break the law, except, "This is the way to your prison cell." "Mystery"? But whose mystery? Mystery also is bafflement and desolation until it gathers to a face. The word is "Father." Nor need we fear or shrink when the skeptic tells us that we are making God in our own image. Is the skeptic not making God into a scientific image? The Christian faith rules out our making God in our own image. He is our Father, but he is also "above the heavens." Yet the beating heart of the Abyss is—love. That is why we may cleave to the promise given to disciples: "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." There is a hearthfire and a table spread at the end of the pilgrimage. ■ ■

IDLE TALK

By Henry I. Louttit

I URGE you to read and take to heart that little known admonition of our Lord in Matthew 12:36: "I tell you, on the day of judgment men will render account for every careless word they utter. . . ."

This is one dictum of our Lord with which people simply are not concerned, if they have ever really heard it. We think speech is comparatively unimportant. Most of us do not take thought or care about what we say. Even our folk wisdom seems to disparage the importance of what we speak. We say, "Actions speak louder than words," "What you are speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you say," "Don't pay any attention to what he says," or "Oh, that's just talk."

Have you ever stopped to consider the significance of St. John's supreme title for our blessed Lord in the prologue to his glorious Gospel, "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us"? Stop to think of the tremendous importance and influence of human speech. Think of its importance in history. Why do we gather together on Sunday morn-

ing? Simply because two thousand years ago a man called Jesus spoke, saying among other things, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Why the tremendous sacrifices of millions of lives and billions of dollars' worth of goods in World War II? Simply because a man by the name of Adolf Hitler spoke vehemently in a beer hall at Munich. It has well been said that the pen is mightier than the sword. It might better be said that the tongue is mightier than the pen.

We really know this in our own homely experience. How many football games have been won in the third or fourth quarter because of a coach's pep talk during the half? Think of the millions of dollars spent on radio and TV advertising simply to tell us that human perspiration is not sweet smelling, and that sometimes even your best friends won't tell you, all of this in order that we may buy goods we probably don't need. Or consider an even simpler example. Think of what wondrous and sometimes terrible things have

happened because some boy in the moonlight says to some sweet girl, "I love you."

This has always been well understood in the Christian Church. Read, for example, the Third Chapter of the General Epistle of St. James. I quote four of the verses:

So the tongue is a little member and boasts of great things. How great a forest is set ablaze by a small fire!

And the tongue is a fire. The tongue is an unrighteous world among our members, staining the whole body, setting on fire the cycle of nature, and set on fire by hell.

For every kind of beast and bird, of reptile and sea creature, can be tamed and has been tamed by humankind,

But no human being can tame the tongue—a restless evil, full of deadly poison. (vv. 5-8).

That people simply do not control or guide their speech was amply illustrated to me when I served for something over four years as a chaplain in the United States Army during World War II. Time and time again standing under large and colorful posters warning men to be careful in their speech lest they divulge important military information, one entitled, "Better be a Dumb Cluck Than a Dead Duck," I have heard questions asked and answered giving information that was confidential, if not strictly secret. When the 31st Division received orders to move from Camp Blanding in North Florida to Camp Bowie in Central Texas I happened to be the chaplain to an engineer regiment. Our com-

manding officer called all of the officers to a conference in the mess hall. The cooks and orderlies were dismissed. Guards were posted outside so that no one could hear either through the doors or windows and we were informed in the strictest confidence that such a move was planned. Immediately one company commander said, "Aw, some of my men came back from Mississippi last weekend and told me that." When we sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, for New Guinea no person in the division, save possibly the commanding general, knew our destination. The few officers who had to go aboard ship before we all embarked were not allowed to return to shore. Two days on the high seas we were told our destination and handed language booklets on the pidgin English used by Papuans. The day we landed in New Guinea, Tokyo Rose, over the Japanese radio broadcasting system welcomed the 31st Division to New Guinea and commiserated with us on our lot.

So important is the matter of speech that two of the Ten Commandments, the basic moral law for Jews and Christians alike, deal with just this. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." In the new Jewish translation of the Torah issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America in 1962, the preferred translation reads, "Ye shall not swear falsely by the name of the Lord your God," with the variant as we know it relegated to a footnote, "Ye shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

The ancient Jews took this so seri-

ously that they never spoke the proper name of God, substituting Adonai (Lord) for JHWH, which we call variously Jehovah or Yahweh because only the consonants and never the vowels were written. No man in our time really knows how to pronounce God's proper name in Hebrew. In any case all of reverence for God, sacred things, and the finer things of life, are based on this simple command.

Profanity includes interlarding our speech with the ugly and vulgar words for most unpleasant and unlovely parts of our bodies and the necessities of our physical and animal natures. This is mere vulgarity, of course, and not of material importance except as it betokens a lack of ability to express one's thoughts in proper English and a paucity of vocabulary.

The light and promiscuous use of words that have real and awful meaning in Christian Doctrine, like "damn," and "hell," may well betray a precarious grasp of the Christian faith. Such carelessness really means that we at best are being silly and are speaking nonsense. To say, for example, that it is, "cold as hell, hot as hell, wet as hell," simply does not make sense. If God took us at our word and did damn the things we ask him to, literally we should be brokenhearted. Did you ever stop to think how lightly we are taking the eternal verities, death, judgment, heaven, and hell? And all of these each of us must face.

So our common practice of jesting about sex, in particular about illicit sexual relations: fornication, adul-

tery, and sodomy, is inexcusably stupid. The sexual act is, or should be, the sacramental act of love for humans, though granted an instinctive response in animals. On it is built the family, the marital relationship at its finest, and the begetting and bearing of our children and our children's children. As the old and tired radio program would have it, "It just ain't funny, McGee."

And I must confess after thirty-five years in the priesthood with a seemingly endless succession of broken hearts and lives because of unwed pregnant girls (many merely children), broken homes because of husbands' or wives' infidelity or promiscuity, the anguish of parents who find their child sexually perverted, it is very difficult for me to find these things really humorous.

But the commandments specifically forbid taking God's name in vain, that is, to use lightly and irreverently God, or Jesus, or Christ, or Lord, singly or in combination. It testifies and witnesses that we do not believe, respect, reverence, or obey God, our Lord, our only hope and savior. It is in fact to witness against Him to the joy of his enemy non-believers.

As General Washington pointed out long ago in a proclamation to his troops in the Continental Army, "This is the one vice to which there is no temptation and which satisfies no instinctive desire." And it does testify to a base ingratitude for God's goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men, for our creation, preservation, and all of the blessings of this life, and above all for his in-

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GENERAL ORDER

Issued by General George Washington in New York, July 1776

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

G. Washington

A Modern General Speaks Out

United States Army
The Chief of Staff

2 March 1965

THE impressions of the Army carried away by individuals who serve only a single enlistment contribute materially, for better or worse, to the image of the Army among the general public. We should all be conscious of the impressions created on the younger people who take pride in their service and who, I believe, basically would like to stand up for the Army when they return to their home communities.

During a recent trip away from Washington, I had occasion to watch a skit that was prepared as part of a training demonstration. During the course of this skit, the soldier-actors employed language that I can only describe as offensive to the average person.

I have also received an expression of concern from a senior commander that many of our young instructors feel that it is smart to use suggestive or off-color stories in connection with instruction presented in our service schools. I add that it has been my personal observation that many senior officers resort to this tactic when appearing on service school platforms. The use of off-color or suggestive stories has been justified to me as essential for establishing audience rapport or for rekindling interest in a presentation. I would only comment that any individual who must resort to such practices should review his ability as a public speaker or instructor.

I am fully conscious of the fact that we cannot regulate sin. However, I do not believe that we need blink at or condone those instances where the impropriety of the actions of our leaders and instructors can be interpreted clearly as offensive to many of the individuals who are subordinate to them. I ask that all commanders who are responsible for instruction presented in service schools, or who are engaged in supervising training, take the necessary action to prohibit the use of offensive language and off-color stories in our service schools and as a part of training.

HAROLD K. JOHNSON
General, United States Army
Chief of Staff

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estimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

Then to the heart of the matter, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Even as the command to honor the name of God reflects the ultimate teaching of the other four of the first five commandments, so this commandment against false witness reflects the basic meaning of the latter five. Far too frequently slanderous rumors reveal a covetousness of adultery. One had far better steal another's purse than his good name and reputation. Is murder of character less reprehensible than the taking of one's life?

To say, "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is to say, "Thou shalt not lie," not merely in a court of law under oath and in danger of perjury, but never. This truth is abundantly borne out by the Scriptures. So Proverbs, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight." It is of the devil, "he is a liar and the father of it," says St. John. In the Acts of the Apostles we read, "But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" You will recall that the Book of Genesis attributes the fall of man to the lying and deceit of the serpent. So the Scripture ends with the Book of Revelation predicting that all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire, the second death.

One could go on and on. The Lord told Moses and the children of

Israel directly, "Neither lie one to another." So echoes the Apostle Paul, "Do not lie one to another"; "Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor." The Psalms condemn it and so do the Prophets. The Prophets warn against it, as do the Apostles. References in the Bible to lying are legion. Obviously lying is a serious sin. What does that do to rumor and gossip?

"I heard," "They say," "Someone told me," and off we go spattering filth on others, besmirching characters, endangering reputations, homes, careers. If this seems too strong, stop to think. Surely men today are sophisticated enough to realize that smear campaigns are commercially conducted because they are profitable. This is done both by business to ruin competitors and in politics to insure some candidate's defeat at the polls. They are effective. Carefully observe what is said during the period of the political conventions in the next election.

Would to God all of us in our youth had learned to believe and to love the much neglected catechism of the church. It is the essence of the wisdom of the church gleaned through twenty centuries of meditation on Scriptures and the great Christian truths revealed therein. Listen, "To hurt nobody by word or deed: to be true and just in all my dealings: to bear malice nor hatred in my heart: to keep my hands from picking and stealing and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering."

Please, reader, remember the

Christian rule concerning speaking about others. Is it true? Could I swear to it in a court of law without danger of perjury? If true, is it kind? If unkind, the charity of a Christian normally forbids its utterance or repetition. Occasionally for a greater good is it necessary that it be said? If not absolutely necessary let it remain unspoken, please.

To no Christian should these

things seem light and unimportant matters. We have time and time again faced bitter tragedy because of the laxity in our discipline concerning speech, especially in repeating or initiating critical remarks.

Remember always our Lord's injunction, "I tell you, on the day of judgment men will render account for every careless word they utter."



Improve Your Mind

By George S. Wilson

IT'S the only one you have. God gave us all an intellect. Some of us were blessed with a high intelligence quotient, some of us were shortchanged. But by and large most of us are bright enough to get along.

So it's not so much what we have, as it is what we do with what God gave us. Some bright kids loaf all the way through school while other kids with less on the ball work and finish well ahead of them.

This is true long after school is out. The guy who is intent on learning his job, the guy who is ambitious is reading, studying, and thinking. He gets ahead. He contributes something to the military services, the country, and to life itself.

You can't turn your mind in on a new one. You've got to take care of it. If you put it in moth balls, it deteriorates. The only way to improve it is to use it. The man or woman in the military has more opportunities to improve his mind than in any other vocation I know of today. If you are not taking advantage of your educational opportunities you are shortchanging yourself, your service, your country, and God himself.



QUOTES: Memories last a long time; and those memories of which we are ashamed are especially durable. . . . To say, "I do not know," is honest. To stop there and not care to learn is foolish.—Joe Dana.

Stain on His Hands

By Dan Ross

Taking a human life is a serious thing, Officer Joe Flynn learned

IT was an oppressively hot humid night. The patrol car glided down the broad avenue of ugly red brick tenements, most of them having ground floor stores with garish neon signs. It was strangely quiet.

An occasional languid figure lolled by a street lamp or stood arms akimbo in the doorway of a shadowy bar. Men in T-shirts and women in slips leaned out the crazy patch of murky yellow windows in the tenements above.

The policeman at the wheel of the patrol car took it all in. He said: "Pretty quiet, Joe."

The officer at his side was young, about the same build and type as the driver. They were picked men, assigned to this explosive area until the crisis was over. They were both much alike and understood each other well. The only difference in the two seemed unimportant to them. Bart Stewart, the policeman driving, had black skin, while officer Joe Flynn's happened to be white.

Joe Flynn stiffened and pointed ahead. "Up there! On the sidewalk!"

Driver Bart Stewart nodded and his foot went down hard on the accelerator. Ahead a man was standing halfway up a stepladder near the curb haranguing a couple of dozen bystanders. The Police Commissioner had given strict orders these sidewalk gatherings were out because of the riots.

Joe Flynn tensed himself to jump out of the car and at the same time noted the man on the ladder was white while his listeners were mostly colored. As the brakes were applied, he leaped from the car and made his way toward the group. The man on the ladder saw him coming and gave him a disdainful smile. His hair was blonde and he had the bloated face of a heavy drinker.

He said something to the crowd and came down the ladder to meet Joe. Then crying out some obscenities he pulled a shining automatic from his trousers pocket with shock-



ing swiftness. There was an excited outcry from the bystanders as they scurried for cover.

In the split second of the gun's appearance Joe reached for his own weapon and with a training that made his action a keyed response aimed for the man's arm and pressed the trigger. The man lunged forward

and his bloated face registered surprise as Joe's bullet hit him. His right arm jerked almost straight up and the gun flew out of his grasp and landed with a clatter in the shadows of the curb. Then the blonde man slumped to the pavement.

Joe dashed forward and bent over

him. Even before he turned him to check for a heartbeat he knew that he'd killed him. The bullet had found its mark in the blonde man's chest.

Bart stood by him now. He said: "You had to do it!"

He glanced up into the dark, understanding face. "I only meant to wing him. I—" "I know," Bart nodded. "I'd better call in." He ran back to the car.

There was a crowd gathering and he was aware of their aggressive murmuring. He remembered the dead man's gun. He got up and pushed through the staring faces to the curb. It took him a couple of minutes to find the lost automatic. It was laying close to the curb at the feet of a thin, frightened-looking colored boy. The teen-ager's pinched face worked nervously as Joe scooped up the gun and glanced at him.

The shock came when he studied it closely. It hit him like a blow in the stomach! The gun was a toy! It looked real but it was just a gleaming fake you could buy in any five-and-dime!

He was standing staring at it with dull eyes when Bart came back. His friend's reaction was swift. He pushed Joe roughly. "Forget it," he said. "We have work to do."

The crowd of onlookers had grown. Now other patrol cars shrilled up and the police formed a group around the body. The men from Homicide were on their way.

Bart Stewart came to Joe again. "How about a smoke?" he said, offering him one.

He took it automatically and Bart lit it for him. After a couple of puffs, he said: "He's the first person I ever killed and I didn't have to do it!"

Bart frowned. "He made you think you did. Crazy man, he was! Swingin' that toy gun like he meant business!"

"His name was Jim Reed," Joe said. "He was carrying a longshoreman's union card."

"Lives near here," Bart said. The ambulance came and they talked no more.

IT was after midnight when Joe got home to his modest apartment. Nora usually waited up after she'd put the children to bed and they had lunch and talked over the day. She met him in the hallway with a hug and kiss. They had a good marriage.

She sensed at once something was wrong. Her eyes showed concern: "What happened?"

"A busy evening," he said brusquely as they went into the bright kitchen. He slumped in his usual chair beside the table. And then he told her.

When he'd finished she said: "Thank God he didn't kill you!"

He gave her a twisted smile. "With a toy gun?"

"You couldn't know that! Bart was right! You did the only thing you could!"

"Bart didn't kill him," he said with a deep sigh and buried his face in his hands. "I keep wondering if he had a couple of kids like us."

"Stop it!" Nora's voice trembled.

He raised his eyes to her. "I need

time to think this out. I'm glad tomorrow is my day off."

The next morning it was hot and humid again. He left the apartment early dressed in plain clothes. He took the subway to the district where Jim Reed had lived. The tenement was over a fruit market and fried chicken store. On impulse he went into the store. There were a half-dozen male and female customers in there and the proprietor who was stout and bald and looked like a Greek.

Joe went directly to him: "You know a family upstairs? Name of Reed."

The bald man wiped his hands on his apron. "Sure, the Reeds! Jim often came in here." He gave Joe a sharp look. "You know what happened to him, don't you?"

The place had become strangely quiet. The white and colored customers staring at Joe with the enmity reserved for an intruder in the neighborhood.

A sharp-eyed colored girl in a low cut print dress came over and gave him an ugly smile. "You bet you know, Mister," she snapped. "You're a cop! In fact, you're the cop that shot Joe last night!"

He felt his insides churn. He answered quietly though: "Yes, that's true."

The girl wheeled her lithe body around to the others. "Look at him! Big cop! Killed poor Jim Reed for carrying a toy gun!"

"You were there," he told her. "You saw what happened!"

The Greek came around the counter nervously. "Jennie don't mean

any harm, Mister. But she was a friend of Jim's. All of us knew Jim."

Jennie ranted on: "Jim wanted a square deal for everyone. That's why he was put out of the union. That's what he was tellin' us when you came along last night."

"I see," Joe said. And to the proprietor: "Did Jim Reed work regularly?"

"Pretty regularly," the man said. "'Course he liked his liquor and lost a day now and then. His wife works steady at a cleaning plant down the avenue." And as if remembering, he added: "She leaves the kids with Jim's old aunt on Hawthorne Street."

Joe got the number of the house and left the store. So there were kids! And Jim Reed had been popular in the neighborhood. He'd even lost his job for his principles.

He arrived at the house in Hawthorne Street and went up dark, smelly stairs to the second floor where he found a greasy card tacked to a green door with a cracked panel. The name written on it was: "Reed." He knocked and waited.

The woman who answered was in contrast to her surroundings, small and tidy in a dark dress. Her hair was white and her face pinched. She squinted at him: "Yes?"

"I'm trying to locate Jim Reed's wife and children," he said.

"I sent the boys to a playground with an older lad," she said. "Are you the police?"

He nodded. "I'm not here on official business." And he told her.

She listened and then in a dry voice told him: "I'm sorry for you."

"Thank you," he said with sincerity. There was understanding in her manner.

"You should talk to his wife," the old woman said nervously. "I don't think Mabel would mind. She's at the dry-cleaning plant down the avenue."

"She's working today?" he asked with surprise.

"It seemed best," the old woman said.

He bowed his head. Then raising troubled eyes to hers he said: "I'm badly mixed up about this. All sorts of things are worrying me. I keep wondering about his boys."

"They loved their father," the old woman said. "He was their idol."

It cut him like a knife. Nora had been right in warning him against this. But no matter what the torture he must go on with it. He said: "And you?"

She shrugged. "He was my dead brother's only child. I loved him like a son."

Again the knife went deep. "I'm sorry," he said. "He must have been a good man."

"Talk to Mabel about that," the old woman said tearfully. "Please go!"

He mumbled an apology and left her. He had killed a man with a gift for leadership whose family loved him. How could he take this home to Nora and the girls? How could he ride in the patrol car again with Bart and trust himself with a gun?

THE owner of the cleaning plant arranged for Joe to talk to the



widow privately in his office. She proved slender, not over twenty-five with a pretty face, if you forgot about the dark circles under her eyes.

Joe waved her to a chair. "I won't keep you long." Then he told her. He ended by saying: "Please forgive me for killing him. I'll never be able to forgive myself."

The young woman stared at him. "You've got this all wrong," she said.

"Wrong?"

"About Jim, I mean," she said. "You got it mixed up. Sure the neighbors thought he was a great guy. And the kids loved him. So did his aunt though he broke her heart."

"But he was a leader in his union," Joe said.

"They took him off the docks because he stole," the widow said bitterly. "Look, Joe was all bad, Mr. Flynn. But he had a streak that made people like him until they got to know him well enough. I soon found out after we were married. He liked to pretend he was a big shot! Whenever he went on a binge he started holding meetings! He liked to cause trouble!"

Joe stared at her. "All this is true?"

"It's true," she said. "I'm still carrying the bruises he gave me."

Jim left promising to see her at the funeral. He made it plain he wanted to do something for her and the two boys he'd made fatherless. And somehow her revelation had brought him no real relief.

The rest of the afternoon he sat alone in a park and wandered aimlessly through crowded streets. He stopped at various places for coffee but ate nothing. It was after eight in the evening when he found himself on the steps of the great cathedral on the avenue. He was not a regular churchman. It was his practice to leave this to Nora and the children but now he had a compulsion to enter this place of sanc-

tuary if only as a stranger. Feeling awkward and humble he went inside and sat in an empty pew at the back of the cool, old building with its high arched roof. There were only a scattering of people there as he knelt and prayed for the first time in a long while.

His first prayer was for Jim Reed. And when he finished praying for him he asked that the burden not be too great for his widow and boys. Then he prayed for Nora and his own children and asked forgiveness for himself. With his thoughts still confused he got up quickly and left the church.

Twilight came and he decided to go home. He would tell Nora what he had discovered and what he had done so far. She opened the door to him and her worried face changed to one of happy relief. "I've been thinking all sorts of dreadful things had happened to you!"

"It's all right," he said quietly.

She gave him a knowing look. "Bart is here waiting to see you. He's in the bedroom saying good night to the girls. I'll call him out." And she went down the hall.

Bart came to him a moment later, his dark face showing relief. "You kept me cooling my heels a long time, Mister," he said.

Now Nora came back to join them and urged his friend: "Tell him, Bart!"

"Well," Bart said, "I made a lucky catch late this afternoon. A little brown boy up on the Avenue tried his first hold-up. I came by in time to stop him."

"Congratulations," Joe said. "I

hope, my friend, that there was no shooting."

"Not this time," Bart said. "I didn't need to use my gun. When I followed that little brown boy into the tobacco shop he just dropped his automatic and went into a kind of trembling fit."

"Too bad it doesn't work out that way every time," Joe said with a sigh.

Bart shrugged. "This was easy. You see the kid wasn't used to handling a gun." He paused. "He

never had a real one until last night. Last night when he exchanged his toy gun for the automatic Jim Reed let drop by the curb."

At that moment Joe had a vivid recollection of an pinched brown face and the thin youth who had stood nervously by the toy gun. And a glance at the smiling Bart told him he was right.

He stretched out his arms to Nora and she came into them without saying anything. There are times when words aren't necessary. ■ ■



"Can I rest awhile, Sarge? My arm's getting tired!"

MOSES: The Impatient Man

By W. B. J. Martin

IT took God forty years to prepare Moses to be the deliverer of his people. For Moses was a strange mixture of rashness and caution, of impatience and dilatoriness. He felt the claims of leadership, yet he was reluctant to exercise that leadership. For on the one occasion when he had done so, he had brought nothing but trouble on himself and on his blood brothers. In Egypt, as the adopted son of the Pharaoh, he was brought up in the lap of luxury. But one day he strolled out into the brickfields and witnessed there the hardship and brutality to which his own people were being subjected. Unable to stand by and watch the beating of a Hebrew slave by an Egyptian taskmaster, he had slain the oppressor and hidden him in the sand. Thereafter he knew his life was in danger and he fled into exile.

Moses at the Burning Bush

In exile, however, he could not shake off his guilty feeling that he

had deserted his brothers. The more settled and prosperous he became, the more the feeling grew. Their situation under the new Pharaoh was growing progressively worse, yet he saw no way to help them, especially when he considered that the indignation and anger seething within him were rather a hindrance than a help to good leadership.

In this state of indecision, there came to him the vision of the burning bush. When we are told that he saw God in the bush and heard God speak to him out of the bush, what does this mean but that his own explosive and impatient nature was being rebuked? Where God is at work in human affairs, "the bush burns but is not consumed." The eternal God, too, knows what it is to be angry and he is implacably opposed to evil; but his anger does not consume him as it did Moses. His wrath burns with a fierce and steady light, but it does not corrupt him, since it is the other side

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of his love. In human beings, however, anger and indignation against injustice is often mixed up with other elements. We speak of "righteous indignation," but our indignation is seldom out-and-out righteous. How often we have noticed that bitterness and personal hostility warp the character of some who consider themselves opponents of injustice; sometimes we suspect that in attacking the class system or the social system they are venting their personal spleen, discharging their personal bile of frustration upon the world. Someone once said, "A man who lives by what he hates and not by what he loves is a sick man, and so is a nation."

So when Moses saw the bush that burned and was not consumed, he read into it the warning that only he who partakes of the righteousness of God can undertake God's mission. He saw his former mistakes, and determined that God was calling him again to side with his people in the right spirit.

"Who Am I?"

Yet his first impulse was to withdraw. He parried the divine imperative by asking the question, "Who am I?" Some people think that this is the most important question a man can ask. But that question, so popular today, can also be a means of evading the challenge of life. When the young German martyr, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, was suffering in the Nazi concentration camp for his part in the revolt against Hitler, he reviewed his life and wondered whether he had done

right. Questions of his own personal integrity came up to haunt him. He wondered whether he was the blazing Christian patriot he imagined himself to be. He surveyed the ambiguities in his own nature. And then, out of this self-questioning, he wrote a poem in which he asked, "Who am I?" "Am I one person today and another tomorrow? Am I the fine, unselfish man they say I am, or the self-regarding, marred person I know myself to be?" The poem ends with the words, "Who am I? Lord, thou knowest I am thine." Commenting on that poem, someone has said, "The proper, legitimate and fruitful question for a man is not, 'Who am I?' but 'To whom do I belong?'"

Moses discovered that he belonged to his people, and through his people to God—or was it vice versa? Anyway, he took up the task of leadership at God's bidding and with God's help.

But once more the element of impatience obtruded itself. Now that he felt called by God, he wanted an immediate and unmistakable sign that God was with him. He put it in the Jewish fashion, "Tell me thy name!" Reveal everything about yourself and your plans and purposes that I may go into this fight forearmed!

The answer of the Almighty puzzled Moses himself, but hardly as much as it does us: his modern followers. We read the answer through American eyes. "I am that I am" comes to us in the present tense and future tense. The words can mean "I shall be who I shall

be." The great Jewish scholar, Martin Buber, reads it thus, and contends that the meaning is again a rebuke to the impatient Moses. God says in effect, You want to know who I am so that you can anticipate my moves and hold me accountable to you. You must learn that this can never be. I am what I am. I shall be what I shall be. I shall be what the situation calls for when it arises.

Out of Bondage into the Promised Land

Many religious and social reformers, acting in God's name, will not allow God to be who he is. They want to make up his mind for him. They want to dictate what his role is in the struggle. They become impatient and want to force his hand. They think that if results are not forthcoming *in their way*, God is not active on the scene.

All this Moses had to learn as God tempered and educated him through the years. Because he learned that lesson so well, the biblical record rightly honors him by calling him "the meekest man on earth" (Numbers 12:3). For meekness is not spinelessness; it is the readiness to bow to the authority of truth.

The recalcitrant and stubborn people whom Moses lead through the weary wilderness towards the Promised Land often felt the lash of his tongue; they were given a new demonstration of meekness! The meekness they encountered in Moses was the utterly self-forgetful dedication of a man who had entered

into covenant with God and was totally abandoned to his purposes. Knowing this, the more discerning of them realized that even his harshness was ultimately for their good; they realized that he was *for* them and *with* them, but for them and with them only at their deepest level. When they fell below that level, he struggled with them on behalf of their better selves.

And so he became their mediator, and a forerunner of that unique mediator between God and man whom the world has learned to call Jesus the Christ.

Like a greater Moses, Jesus leads his people out of bondage in Egypt through the wilderness to a land flowing with milk and honey. We often resist and resent his leadership; we, like the children of Israel, sometimes long for the "leeks and garlic" of slavery, but he never allows us to wallow in nostalgia or to sink back into slavish contentment. Like a greater Moses, he proves he is for us and with us at our deepest level, by his willingness to fight for our manhood even at the cost of a cross. And through him we enter into a new covenant with our Maker and Owner. Through him we learn, in the words of the gospel hymn, to "trust and obey," and in trust and obedience to find richer and fuller life.

When we walk with the Lord
In the Light of his Word
What a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good-will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and
obey. ■ ■

Two Years of College Credits for \$5

By R. W. Johnson

NO matter what branch of the Armed Forces you are now serving with on active duty, it is possible for you to complete up to two years of college credits, for the sum of only five dollars (\$5.00).

The United States Armed Forces Institute (USAFI), located at Madison, Wisconsin, provides over 200 courses from elementary school level through the second year of college.

For an initial fee of \$5.00, a student may enroll for his first course. Upon successful completion of that course he may then enroll in other courses at no further cost as long as his progress is satisfactory.

USAFI had its beginning during WWII, when the United States Government saw a need to provide educational opportunities for the millions of American youth entering the Armed Forces. From a modest beginning of 64 courses, it has blossomed into over 200 at present. It also has a testing service, free courses in foreign languages (taught with use of records—which are returnable at end of course), and 26 technical courses.

As to receiving credit for high school or college work done through USAFI, this is up to the school of your choice. The vast majority of the high schools and colleges of our nation will fully appreciate your ambitions and work, and will grant you credit, if you will take the time to write them first. If you are not sure which courses you need to complete for a high school diploma, write your old superintendent of schools and ask him. He will send you a list of them, and you will then have a definite goal to work towards. And, upon successful completion of all of them, you will be eligible for an actual high school diploma, and *not* the old "Certificate of Achievement" or the like that is given for passing a battery of tests on the high school level.

As for the high-school graduate who is on active duty, who is planning to attend college upon release from active duty, write the registrar of the college of your choice, and inquire if his college will accept USAFI college credits.

Here is the type letter you might want to pattern your inquiry after:



Dear Sir,

I intend to do off-duty scholastic work in USAFI correspondence courses. I would like to know if I can receive credit for them at your _____ (high school/college), towards a _____ (diploma/degree).

Yours truly,

(Name, rank, military address)

If you are not sure which courses you should take for college credits, here is a list of courses which practically all colleges require you to take the first two years, regardless of what you plan to major in:

ENGLISH COMPOSITION I
and II

SPEECH I and II

U.S. HISTORY I and II

BIOLOGY I and II

SURVEY OF ENGLISH LIT-
ERATURE I and II

COLLEGE ALGEBRA I

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT I
and II

CHEMISTRY I and II

Should you complete these courses (all of which are offered by USAFI) by the semester hours degree plan, you will have finished approximately one third of your college work. And, in addition to these courses, there are 35 other college courses offered by USAFI, should you wish to do more work towards a degree.

The work is not easy, for most of the time you will be working alone. This will require self-discipline and a strong desire to better yourself—but you can do it, as thousands before you have done.

For more detailed information about enrolling; contact your Education NCO or Education Officer. If they are not available, write directly to:

Director

United States Armed Forces In-
stitute (USAFI)

Madison, Wisconsin

Now it is up to you, as to how much education you want. The cost is exceptionally low and the rewards can be incredibly high. ■ ■

Ecumenicity in the Air Force

On April 2, at Amarillo Air Force Base, Texas, the members of the PWOC were the guests of the Catholic Sacred Heart Sodality. There were fifty women from the two groups participating in the meeting. The meeting began with the regular First Friday Mass. After the Mass, refreshments were served in the Annex of the Chapel, a business session was held and leaders of both groups were given an opportunity to tell of their work.

My Experience on the Grand Jury

By C. Aubrey Hearn

RECENTLY I completed a term of service on the grand jury of the criminal court of my county. We heard evidence in 373 cases and returned 332 true bills. It was a revealing experience, shocking at times, and always depressing. Man's inhumanity to man was never more apparent to me as I listened to the evidence.

One feature of the cases that the jurors noticed early in the term was the close relationship between drinking and crime. That all the jurors felt this way was evidenced by these sentences from the final report made to the court:

The jury could not help but notice in listening to several hundred cases the remarkable parallel between the incidence of crime and the indulgence in alcoholic beverages. . . . We believe that some large part of the criminal offenses in this area might be eliminated if more stringent control were kept on the sale of intoxicants. . . .

I shall never forget the day when we had three murder cases. In each

case, both the murderer and the victim had been drinking. In one of these cases an argument started over a dollar bill and this argument ended in a drunken fight and murder.

The following cases were typical:

Case 1. Attempted rape of a thirteen-year-old girl by a twenty-eight-year-old married man. The latter had been drinking.

Case 2. Armed robbery. Two men were drinking together. One suddenly turned upon the other and robbed him at knife point.

Case 3. Burglary. The men met at a beer joint, drank together, and planned to break into a warehouse. Valuable merchandise was stolen.

Case 4. Breaking and entering. A man deserted his wife and four small children. The wife testified that her husband did not want to see the children unless he was drunk. One day when drunk he broke down the locked door and forced his way into the house.

Case 5. Larceny. Two men broke into a church, stole a television set and several bottles of communion

wine. When apprehended, the men were drunk.

These cases could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

This is not a problem in Davidson County alone; it is a situation that exists throughout the country. For example, the F.B.I. report for 1960 tells of a study of arrests in 1,789 cities. Of 2,612,707 arrests made, a total of 1,506,176, or 57 percent, were related to drinking. These figures do not include minor traffic violations.

The accuracy of our grand jury report is borne out further by an article in *American Practitioner*, November, 1961. Dr. William C. Wilentz, M.D., medical examiner for Middlesex County, New Jersey, tells of a study of the alcohol factor in violent deaths in that county over a twenty-seven-year period. Homicides showed 31 percent with alcohol factor, suicides 36 percent with alcohol factor, automobile casualties showed 49.6 percent alcohol factor, and the remaining various types of violent deaths showed a 39 percent alcohol factor. Dr. Wilentz concluded:

It is quite apparent that some means must be found to curtail this mounting stream of "senseless deaths" and "human carnage," bringing with it such tragedy into our homes and reaching into every town and village of our country.

Soon after the grand jury term ended, several of the jurors participated in a round table discussion in an adult union in a Nashville Baptist church. The topic of discussion was, "What Can Be Done about the

Crime Situation in Davidson County?" It was pointed out that many of the beer joints, honky-tonks, mixing bars, and road houses of the county are centers of vice. The *Nashville Tennessean* for December 17, 1961, pointed out that in the years 1960-61 seven persons died in or immediately outside honky-tonks and beer joints in the county. The discussion emphasized the need for Christian homes. It was recalled that, as far as was known, no person indicted by the grand jury had a church connection. Among the suggestions made were proper rearing of children, close cooperation between homes and churches, elimination of vice conditions where possible, cooperation with law enforcement officials, elimination of slums, and concern by responsible citizens over local conditions.

I am convinced that one way to curtail crime is to reduce the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The crime picture in America is a national disgrace, says Dr. C. W. Scudder. As long as alcoholic drinks are used so freely, and sold in so many places, there is little chance of reducing crime. To the solution of this problem, Christian parents, homes, churches, and civic clubs should give much thought. Well did Dr. W. L. Poteat in his book *Stop Light* say:

Beverage alcohol is the greatest single enemy of mankind, and some means of limiting its devastation mankind must discover, or suffer a progressive deterioration which will land us once again in the gulf of barbarism. ■ ■

Lift Up Your Heart

The mission of the church is not removing fish from a dirty river called the world and placing them in a clean pool called the church. We must go out into the world.—Japanese theologian in *The Episcopalian*.

RX:

If all the sleeping folk will wake up,
And all the lukewarm folk will fire up,
And all the dishonest folk will confess up,
And all the disgruntled folk will sweeten up,
And all the discouraged folk will cheer up,
And all the depressed folk will look up,
And all the estranged folk will make up,
And all the gossiping folk will shut up,
And all the dry bones will shake up,
Then, you can have a revival.

—Contributed by Kathleen Forgey in *Insiders News Letter*

Our worst sins are chiefly our lost opportunities to grow in wisdom and in nobility of character. They lie in our failure to develop to the fullest the powers given us by God. They are our missed marks, the time we waste, the education we neglected, the curiosity we stifled . . . the books we did not read, the wonderful world we never penetrated.—Charles Shulman in *Journal, American Red Cross*.

Gold is good in its place but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

Surrounded by historical legend, a fellow in New Jersey decided to add one of his own on his lawn. It read:

N. O. N. HISTORICAL MARKER

ON THIS SPOT

February 29, 1775

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAPPENED

We must discover that God has spoken a message to mankind, and that he intended it for us. In the proper Christian sense of the term, the meaning of the inspiration of the Scripture for me is that I recognize that God's message has been sent into the world with my name and address on it.—Alan Richardson in *A Preface to Bible Study*.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Navyman Moderator of Presbytery

For the first time in the history of Tidewater's Presbyterian churches, a Navyman on active duty is serving as moderator of the Norfolk, Virginia Presbytery. The man is Chief Petty Officer Kenneth L. MacLeod, Jr., who is Chief Yeoman in the office of the Chief of Staff (Logistics), Commander Amphibious Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. Chief MacLeod has been a member of the Presbyterian Church for sixteen years. The Chief and his wife are the parents of three sons and a daughter.

Spring Retreat for

Ft. Leonard Wood Women

Seventeen Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo., women on April 27, 1965, journeyed by cars fifty miles to Bennett Springs State Park near Lebanon, Mo., to hold a one-day PWOC retreat. Mrs. Paul Mitchell presided. Mrs. Lester Graff led the singing and presented several vocal musical selections. On the program were Chaplains Vruwink and Armstrong. The Post Chaplain is Chaplain (Col) Walter G. McLeod.

European Chaplains Meet in Washington

Chaplain (Maj Gen) Robert P. Taylor, Chief of Chaplains, U.S. Air Force, was host to a consultation of the Allied Air Force chiefs of chaplains of Europe in Washington, D.C. on May 17-18. Chaplains came from

Canada, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal. Members of U.S. Air Forces in various commands also were present.

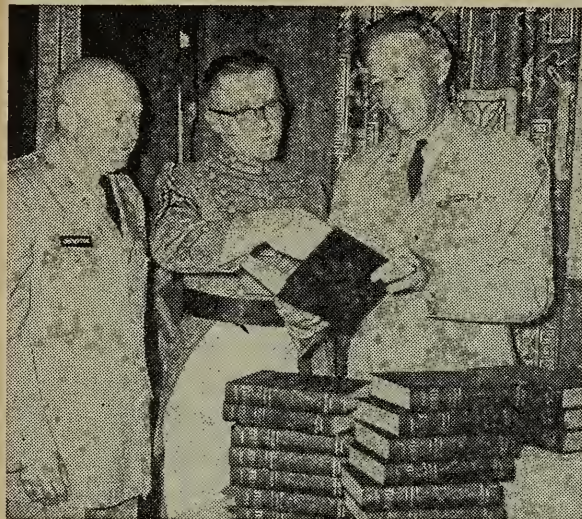
After the meeting, Chaplain Taylor escorted the chaplains on a visit to Air Force units at Langley, Patrick, Lackland and the U.S. Air Force Academy.

Keep America Beautiful

President Johnson has appealed to every American for their support of a program for a BEAUTIFUL AMERICA. Remember the slogan: "EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS"

Dean Francis B. Sayre, Jr., of the Washington Cathedral, and CAPT Frederick K. Loomis, USN, Assistant Director of Naval History, uncrate an engraved granite stone, gift to the Cathedral in appreciation of Dean Sayre's visit to the naval base last July.





Chaplain (Col) Sidney P. Crumpton, left, chaplain to the Corps of Cadets at The Citadel, Cadet Frank J. Griffith, Jr., of Orangeburg, Va., president of The Citadel Religious Council, and General Mark W. Clark (right) inspect Bibles presented to senior cadets during a special Vesper service in Summerall Chapel by the American Bible Society.

and lead the way to a litter basket. Use a litterbag in your car; when camping, carry trash out with you; help stamp out littering by setting the right example.

Everyone Needs the Gospel

At a spring meeting of the U.S. Conference of the World Council of Churches, Dr. Martin Niemoeller of Germany (who was imprisoned by Hitler during World War II) said: "We Christians owe the gospel witness to every creature, for Jesus came and died no less for Communists than for ourselves. . . ." Dr. Niemoeller spoke of a renewal which has begun in Eastern Europe and declared that this began because

the church was reaching out to non-Christians. The West German churchman, who visited Russia in 1961, said that evidences of renewal can be seen also in the Russian Orthodox Church.

Church and Society Conference

A world conference on church and society will be held in Geneva, Switzerland, July 12-24, 1966. The conference will be held under the direction of the Department of Church and Society of the World Council of Churches. (Address: Geneva, Switzerland.)

Look, Friends, Bazaars Are on the Way Out!

The Lutheran Church in America is preparing a booklet for study in the congregations asking them to consider the elimination from church life of "commercialism" that "creates a false image." The booklet calls upon the church to take a new look at such money-making projects as card parties, bazaars, games of chance, dinners, and sales of products. Good!

Bibles for Those with Ailing Eyesight

Large-print New Testaments and portions of Holy Scripture are now being printed by the American Bible Society for distribution to the increasing number of aging persons in our population with failing sight.

Dr. Thurman Retires

One of the nation's most distinguished clergymen, Dr. Howard Thurman, who served as Dean of Boston University's Marsh Chapel

for eleven years, retired on July 1. A testimonial dinner was held on May 19 and it was attended by more than 500 persons.

An Ecumenical Work Group

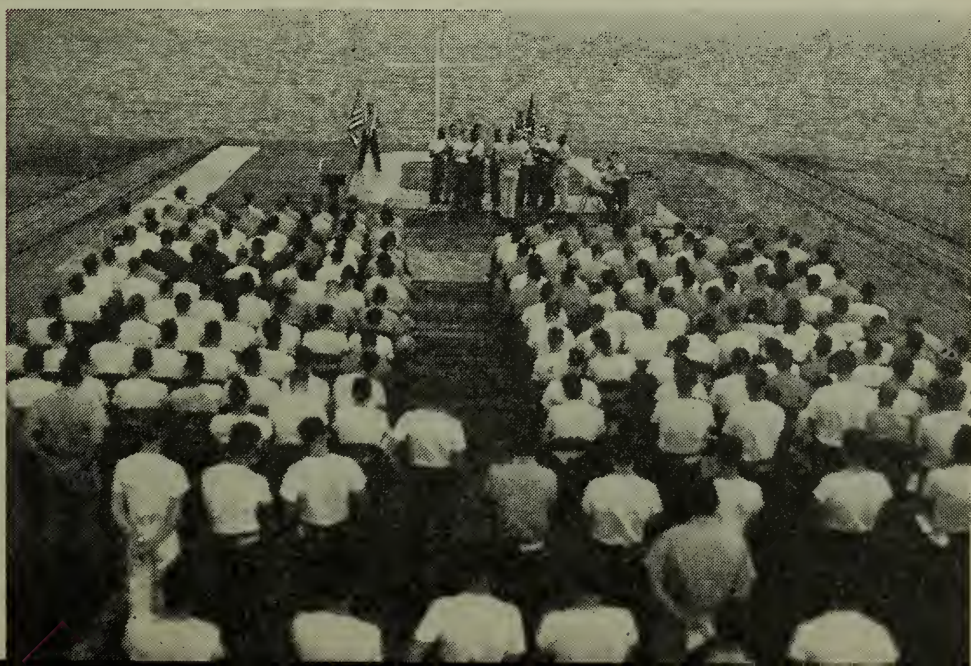
Formation of a historic 14-member "working group" on ecumenical relations between Protestants and Roman Catholics was recently announced. The full membership will be composed of eight members appointed by the World Council of Churches and six Roman Catholics. For Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox church leaders, this action signifies a major development in the 17-year history of the World Council. Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy of New York City, general secretary of the National Council of Churches,

has been named the American Protestant member of the joint committee. The working group will not be able to make decisions but will study such matters as collaboration in the fields of relief, social, and international affairs, theological studies on ecumenical relations, inter-faith marriages, religious liberty.

Roman Catholic Population in U.S.

Catholics in the 50 states, including all families of the Defense Forces both at home and abroad, and the diplomatic and other services abroad, now number 45,640,619. The new total represents an increase over last year of 766,248, and a ten-year increase of 13,064,917 or a 40.1 percent over the 32,575,702 in 1955.

Over 1,000 officers and men attended the Protestant Easter Sunrise Service on the Flight Deck of the aircraft carrier, USS *Hancock* (CVA-19) in the South China Sea. LCDR W. R. Begg, CHC, USN, Protestant chaplain delivered the Easter sermon on "Christ, the Hope of the World."



The Link Calendar

THE name "September" comes from the Latin word meaning seven; this month was the seventh in the Roman calendar which began with March. But we count differently and September is our ninth month. It has always had thirty days. It is the harvest month and occurs during the autumnal equinox.

Some groups observe September as Youth Month and emphasize the importance of preventing delinquency and youth crime. It is also Fall Clean-up Time.

Sept. 5. The first Sunday in September is the 12th Sunday after Trinity and it is Labor Sunday.

Sept. 6. Labor Day. This day is celebrated in all states and in Canada. It is Jane Addams' birthday (1860-1935)—founder of Hull House.

Sept. 6. Also Southern 500 Stock Car Race in Darlington, S. C.

Sept. 8-15. National Child Safety Week. Aim: "To instill in the minds of all school children safety practices."

Sept. 9-11. Southwest Seniors Golf Tournament. Hot Spring, Ark.

Sept. 10-12. Lewistown Round-up. "Old western entertainment." Lewistown, Idaho.

Sept. 11-12. President's Cup Regatta. Washington, D. C.

Sept. 12. 14th Sunday after Pentecost. Also Grand-dad's Day.

Sept. 12-18. Constitution Week. "To encourage citizens to learn more about our constitution. To build and cite good citizenship."

Sept. 13-18. Four States Fair and Rodeo and Quarter Horse Show. Texarkana, Tex.

Sept. 14-21. National Planned Parenthood Week. "To foster universal family planning."

Sept. 15. Wm. Howard Taft's birthday. Born this day in 1857. The 27th President of the U. S.

Sept. 15-18. Pendleton Round-up and Happy Canyon Days. Pendleton, Ore.

Sept. 17. Citizenship Day. Formerly "I am an American" Day.

Sept. 19. 14th Sunday after Trinity. Also World Peace Day.

Sept. 19-25. National Dog Week. Take better care of your dog.

Sept. 23. Fall begins.

Sept. 25. Kiwanis Kids' Day. "To honor youth as our greatest resource."

Sept. 25-Oct. 2. National 4-H Club Week. "To further 4-H goals."

Sept. 26. 16th Sunday after Pentecost. Also Press Sunday. "To pay tribute to our free press." Also Gold Star Mothers' Day—mothers whose sons or daughters died during WW I, II, or in the Korean crisis.

Sept. 26-Oct. 2. National Public Works Week.

Sept. 27. Rosh Hashanah or Jewish New Year.

Sept. 30-Oct. 9. Fall Foliage Festival. Bennington, Vermont.

LOOKING AHEAD: Oct. 3. Worldwide Communion.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for help to lay leaders who prepare sermons or talks.

1. Is "the World" Off Limits? (page 20)

Bible Material: Ephesians 4:1-16

How can a member of the armed forces demonstrate his Christian calling? Be practical in the ideas you present. What practices go on in our common life—economic, political, social—that are contrary to Christian principles? How can these be eliminated? What personal rewards does the worker get for considering his job a Christian calling? Does he pay any penalties?

2. The Chaplain Is Ready to Help (page 26)

Bible Material: Titus 2:1-10

Why are some people reluctant to discuss personal problems with any other person? When faced with a serious personal problem, would you prefer to go to a counselor who had religious training? Why or why not? Would you feel more free to discuss a personal problem with your home pastor or your unit chaplain? Why or why not?

3. God's Grace and Disciples' Quest (page 32)

Bible Material: Matthew 7:7-11

Which comes first: man's quest for God or God's quest for man? Why? In what ways does God seek us? Does prayer consist of confessing and giving thanks or is asking for things also good prayer? What elements are there in prayer? Why are some prayers not answered?

4. Moses: The Impatient Man (page 51)

Bible Material: Exodus 3:1-22

Why did God call Moses and not someone else to lead the Hebrews out of bondage? What kind of person was Moses? What do you believe about Moses' vision of God at the burning bush? What are the advantages and disadvantages of impatience as a quality of character? What qualities should leaders today possess?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Enduring Message of the Bible by L. Harold DeWolf. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209. 1965. Paperback. \$1.45.

Many people have read the Bible for years and yet have not known the central message of The Book. A reading of this little book by Dr. DeWolf will help them. The author does not bother with critical questions but shares his own personal testimony on what he has learned about the Word of God through his study and his listening to God's disclosures. A highly readable book presented reverently; brief, but long enough to outline the basic truths one finds in the Bible.

Baseball's Hall of Fame by Robert Smith. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1965. Paperback. 75 cents.

Short accounts of the 101 men who have been elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame. Brief comments on their lives and their contributions to the game of baseball. Bob Smith, who has a name for accuracy when it comes to baseball history, and who is a talented writer, brings together in one book what the researcher would have to go through many books to find. Lee Allen comments about the book: "There is proper awe, but the maple syrup has been eliminated."

26 Years on the Losing Side by Conrad S. Jensen. The American Tract Society, Oradell, N. J. 1965. Paperback. 85 cents.

After twenty-six years on the New York City Police Force, Deputy Inspector Conrad Jensen retired July 12, 1963. Since then he has devoted his time to speaking, writing, and in every way he can has alerted the people of the United States and Canada to the rapidly decaying morals of our society. This is a stark book and one asks: "Are conditions really so bad?" However, the author contends they are and in blunt and forceful language he points up the immorality of man in killing, gambling, strong drink, corruption and sexual perversion.

Driven Afar by Betty Swinford. Moody Press, 820 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

A story of romance and God's call to the mission field woven together to make interesting reading and careful thought about one's vocation. Jeff Randall, a lukewarm Christian, after a period of dissatisfying self-seeking and some disasters, finds himself and God's way through the guidance of Lorraine Foster, the girl he loves.

Of Sex and Saints by Donald F. Tweedie. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids 6, Mich. 1965. Paperback. \$1.00.

A Christian psychotherapist deals with sex.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

remember to take a copy of THE LINK home to my wife, please send her a copy direct. Enclosed is \$2.50 for a year's subscription.

We both enjoy the magazine very much. In fact, I will use the article "He Went to a Cross" (page 42, April 1965 edition) to assist in the discussion during next Sunday's Adult Sunday school lesson.

—Major K. G. Conrad, 19150 Community, Northridge, Calif. 91325.

Gift for Free Copies Fund

Thanks for publishing "Hot Buttered Blue Beans," unabridged. . . . Could you spare about six extra copies? A check for \$10.00 is enclosed to cover costs; and could you use the balance to make copies of THE LINK available where they would not be otherwise.

—J. Wallace Talley, 200 E. Hamilton Ave., Silver Spring, Md.
(Thanks!)

Request for Reprints

Please send me three copies of the reprint from THE LINK entitled, "Sex, Love, Marriage and the Home." Enclosed please find a money order that I believe will cover the cost of publication (60 cents). Thank you for your time and the opportunity to send a copy of this excellent booklet to two people.

—Arthur J. Allen, A3C, Box 8891, Gunter AFB, Ala. 36114.

Another Recruit for the Ministry

I have just completed reading the November issue of THE LINK, and, as requested, I am writing to you in regards to my interest in the ministry.

At the present time, I am in the U. S. Navy and read THE LINK quite often and thoroughly. I am a Christian, married, and blessed with a fine wife and wonderful little daughter. God has indeed been very good to me.

Even before joining the Navy, I felt that it was my duty as a Christian to become a minister. I've been given an opportunity in the Navy, as at the present time, I am the Mine Force chaplain's assistant.

—Charles E. Austin, Force Chaplain's Office, Commander Mine Force, U. S. Pacific Fleet, U. S. Naval Station, Long Beach, Calif. 90802.

(We are happy about this big decision. We have written C. E. Austin and recommended the little book by Charles F. Kemp, Preparing for the Ministry. It is published by Bethany Press, Box 179, St. Louis 66, Mo. and sells for \$1.50.)

Chapel at Davisville

I have been reading the May, 1965, copy of THE LINK and was pleased to see the article on our chapel at Davisville by Harold Helfer. I would like to order twelve (12) more copies of THE LINK for May if possible. . . . As always, THE LINK is an outstanding magazine.

—LT Davis Bowes, Jr., CHC, USN, Protestant Chaplain, U. S. Naval Constr. Bn. Center, Davisville, R. I. 02852.

At Ease!



"My report card. Please notice how my grades reflect the shocking ineptness of the school system and my deportment marks show your miserable failure as a parent."

The teen-age fellow and his girl friend were on a tour of the art museum. Suddenly they came to a huge canvas depicting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. After studying the painting a moment or two, the young man turned to his female companion.

"What do you know," he said, "those two must have led very dull lives. They never had a chance to be teen-agers."—F. G. Kernan.

DIPLOMAT (*husband to wife*): How do you expect me to remember your birthday when you never look any older?—*The Christian*.

Patient: "Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up, something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?"

Doctor: "No. You'll find that in the bill."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

A shy young lady sat next to a bishop at a formal dinner. For some time she hesitated to speak to him, but finally she saw an opportunity to start conversation, as some bananas were being passed.

"I beg your pardon, but do you like bananas?"

The bishop, who was slightly deaf, replied: "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I said," replied the shy girl, blushing furiously, "do you like bananas?"

The bishop pondered a moment, then answered. "It's a curious question, but I have always preferred the old-fashioned nightshirt."—*Builders*.

A cowboy with nothing much to do ambled into a local blacksmith's shop and picked up a horseshoe without realizing that it had just come from the forge. Instantly, he dropped the hot shoe, shoved his seared hand into his pocket and tried to appear nonchalant.

"Kinda hot, wasn't it?" asked the blacksmith.

"Nope," replied the cowpoke. "Just don't take me long to look at a horseshoe."—*Ties*.







